

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The result of the elections of Tuesday astonished most men who are willing to admit that anything ever astonishes them. Some are so constituted that they will never own up that they are taken by surprise. If an earthquake were to suddenly tumble this city into ruin, these men would tell each other, through thousands of tons of brick and mortar, that when the shock came they were just wondering "why it didn't earthquake." Apart from these people the astonishment was profound when the returns came in. I, for one, was not prepared to learn that Manitoba, which was being coerced, supported the Government, while Quebec, the cause and source of the policy of coercion, opposed the coercionist Government. To be able to foresee these results a man would not only need to have foresight, but he would require to be able to see around all sorts of corners.

Men who take the trouble to think must applaud the result in the Province of Quebec. The people of that province declared their electoral freedom on Tuesday. The bishops who drove them to the polls were defied—not in a few localities by a few advanced individuals, but nearly all over French Canada. It was nothing short of a revolution against spiritual interference in temporal affairs, and the Church, with its wonderfully retentive memory, will not soon forget the reverses it sustained on the 23rd of June, 1896. It will not do to say that candidates on both sides in Quebec took identical ground on the school question, for the fact stands that never in the history of Canada did the Church throw itself so unreservedly and violently into a political campaign. Every threat that could terrify, every appeal that could move the *habitant* was employed in favor of the Conservative candidates. Even in Ireland the bishops have not ventured to issue such a mandement as the hierarchy of Quebec put forward with all arrogance. It will not do to say, either, that it was a victory of race over creed, that men voted for Laurier because he was French rather than for Tupper because the Church blessed him. Even were this true, it would not detract from the importance of the freedom gained on Tuesday, for it means, even yet, that the Church does not own the people of Quebec, body and bones. It is legitimate for a race to be proud of the brilliant son, but in the past the bishops of Quebec have claimed the right to say which son the people should be proud of and why they should be proud of him, and so controlled the sentiments which elsewhere create nations, but which here, manipulated to the purposes of the Church, have always frustrated efforts at the building up of a nation.

Very much against his will Wilfrid Laurier was forced into a position of antagonism to the church of which he is a member. He either had to retire from the leadership of his party or he had to fight the alliance of the Church and the Tupper Government. He fought them both, and he won. To the declaration of freedom in political matters which he so eloquently made on the floor of Parliament, scores of thousands of his compatriots appended their mark of approval in the polling booths of Quebec on Tuesday. That manifesto of the laity in response to the mandement of the bishops is mightily signed. The power of a layman's name, the popularity of a favorite son, could not alone have compassed the amazing result in Quebec, but Laurier's cause was every man's cause, for while we have been looking towards Quebec and saying "Hands off Manitoba," the electors of the French province have been looking at the bishops and sullenly muttering, "Hands off us."

The contest in and about Toronto had many interesting features. Hon. N. Clarke Wallace has buried out of sight many others beside Mr. John Brown, who beckoned to himself to enter public life, and Mr. Samuel Platt, the mysterious unknown, who will henceforth, owing to a campaign witticism, be known as Mr. Daniel Platt. There are men in Parkdale holding tickets for a feast that will never take place.

In Center and East Toronto and in East York the results are significant too. When people are in a positive mood they look for leadership to positive men. A non-committal person is an abomination to a man who is in earnest. He doesn't like to hit him, for he may be a friend; and he doesn't like to trust him, for he may be an enemy. Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn tried to be just enough of an anti-reformalist to get re-elected, but without doing Sir Charles Tupper any harm. He was very adroit and balanced himself well, but this was the one year in this generation when a man to

find favor had to be something more than politic. Mr. Emerson Coatsworth had the misfortune to come under Government influence before public feeling became dangerous, and it appears that he had not the stamina to hold out against persuasion—for a weak man may weakly submit to be directed in a certain course, and then adhere to it with much stubbornness to save himself from "self-despisey." Mr. W. F. Maclean carried himself valiantly in the House and held consistently to an independent course, but in the campaign he made the mistake of allowing his newspaper to support that very Tupper whom he had personally repudiated, so that the newspaper man and his newspaper were irreconcilable. The electors were in the same quandary as the tramp who looked at a dog which stood in a gate snarling and wagging its tail, and said: "I don't know which end of that dog to believe."

This sort of thing is considered slick under

Sir Charles Tupper he allowed himself to be nominated by a half-witted convention that saw no absurdity in endorsing both McNeill and Tupper. Had Mr. McNeill demanded that the Conservatives of North Bruce should stand by him as unreservedly as those of East Grey stood by Dr. Sproule, and had they refused, he could have retired with dignity, an unbeaten man.

The real triumphs of this election are these: (1) The bishops will never again be treated with as the manifest and absolute proprietors of Quebec in the political sense. (2) The rural constituencies of Ontario have discovered that the cities are open to conviction in a political issue, and that it is no longer fashionable to vote for a "yellow dog" who runs in the party name. (3) Political leaders have learned that they must get their instructions from the party, and not issue instructions to it as a huntsman speaks to his hounds. (4) Civil servants and all

Wroxeter, the arrangement having been made through the instrumentality of the superintendent of the Ontario Department of Neglected and Dependent Children. In response to the item in these columns a lady in Grafton wrote offering to take one of the girls for the summer, but the other arrangement had already been made. It does a man good to know that there are people ready to respond to pleas made in behalf of unfortunate children. It is comparatively easy for an exceedingly rich man to donate a large sum of money to some charitable purpose, for after all it demands of him nothing but the work of signing a cheque. His comforts are not reduced, his ease is not encroached upon; he really surrenders nothing that is necessary to himself. He does not look at it in this light, however, and no other person so views it, and his charity is extolled in public places. On the other hand, the family that opens its doors for the summer to a city waif must sacrifice much that is real. The child must be cared for; it is

circumstances, goes out on a tour diffusing sympathy and expending advice, is not an ideal man; but, as a rule, men are readier with their silver than with their services. Most families would rather pay the board of a deaf and dumb waif for the summer at some retreat, than open the door and share the comforts and ease of the home with the little outcast. Therefore it does a man good to know that there are families ready to sacrifice the routine of home-life for charity's sake, for it is one of the hardest sacrifices that could be demanded of a man or woman.

The Children's Aid Society have no doubt many other children for whom they would like to secure opportunities to spend a few weeks in the country. I am told that there is one boy aged ten who has only one leg and is not very robust in health, for whom a permanent home has long been desired. Those anxious to secure boys have always passed him over because he is maimed, and several institutions have, for the same reason, refused to admit him. His is a hard lot. There seems to me no speculation into which a rich man could enter that would yield more wholesome interest than to pick up such a boy as this and float him out on the sea of life with sails properly set and a fair wind. Whether he turned out well or ill, his benefactor would not be at fault. He might turn out well. When Toronto was a village a man here adopted a waif from England and gave him schooling. That man's sons did not amount to much, but years ago the adopted boy came home from New York, where today he is, I believe, a wealthy retired merchant, and, finding how matters stood, provided for his foster-parents until they died, and had them buried with all respect, as a handsome stone in one of our cemeteries bears witness. This case may be exceptional, yet when a boy is old enough to realize what is being done for him he is not likely to forget it. The kindnesses done him live forever strongly outlined against the unforgettable hardships of his loveless childhood.

Hon. John Beverley Robinson was a fine type of the better-class Canadian. He possessed physical and moral courage and held in contempt those who sought to reach their ends by devious paths. He loved athletic sports and politics—contests of any and every kind in which courage, skill and agility played a part. In Mr. J. E. Hall's book, *Sixty Years of Canadian Cricket*, we are told that in the first match played in Canada between competing clubs, John Beverley Robinson took part. This game was played at Hamilton between eleven players from that town and eleven from Toronto, in 1834, and Mr. Robinson was then a boy of thirteen and a pupil at Upper Canada College. For long years thereafter he continued to play cricket. In his prime he was one of the best bowlers in the country, and he has done more for athletics, perhaps, than any other man in the province. He was a successful man and in his success there is for young men the lesson that the staunch and upright man succeeds.

The death of Sir Leonard Tilley being announced so soon after the defeat of the Government suggests the idea that, so far as Canada is concerned, the new century opened on Tuesday. Sir Leonard was, of course, an able man, as were many others who belonged to his period, but a new generation has arisen and most of those heretofore prominent in public life have been removed either in due course of nature or by the little unpleasantness of Tuesday. With the exception of Joly, the men spoken of as Mr. Laurier's lieutenants in Quebec are comparatively new to Dominion politics. While the Conservatives had half a dozen French-Canadians fighting for the right to be considered chief men from Quebec, Mr. Laurier was, on his side, indisputably the biggest man from his province. His supremacy was unchallenged. It is not likely that Sir Charles Tupper will much longer continue in public life. Sir Frank Smith, Sir John Carling, Hon. John Costigan, Sir Mackenzie Bowell and a dozen or more men of about the same age who have been conspicuous in the Conservative party since Confederation, are almost certain to now pass out of public life. While I write it is being stated that Sir Richard Cartwright will proceed to England as Canadian High Commissioner to succeed Sir Donald Smith. This means the retirement of Sir Donald to the tranquillity of private life. It also means, if it is true, something that would have seemed incredible a short time ago—a Liberal Administration without Sir Richard Cartwright in the Cabinet. But Sir Richard is so constituted that he will probably extract a vast and continuous joy from holding down the chair in



NO COERCION.

ordinary conditions, but it will not do when a serious issue is up for settlement. At such a time the smooth, elusive, crafty man is regarded as a trifle whose candidature is an affront to the public. John Ross Robertson went into the fight without reserve. He did not sort his words. He was affirmative in his beliefs. He typified the indignation of East Toronto. When an earnest mood seizes upon the people of a country the man who comes to the front is the assertive man, the man who throws a shadow when he walks in the sun. The new member for East Toronto is that sort of man. McKinley, the Republican nominee for the Presidency of the United States, whose portrait is given on another page, is another such man. He seems to possess no large degree of genius, but he is a positive quantity and makes every man he meets a friend or an enemy. Toronto to-day has four parliamentary representatives who do credit to the city. They are not men who can be dropped into ready-made niches, but all four are angular men who will shape their own surroundings. This city should now, at last, have some voice in national discussions and some weight in the national council.

Speaking of Messrs. Cockburn, Coatsworth and Maclean, it may be said that Mr. McNeill of North Bruce was another man who made a mistake. After being read out of his party by

employees of the nation have learned, or will learn, that offensive partisans walk the plank with a change of administration. (5) Members of Parliament who betray their constituents and accept the bribe of office, have learned, or will learn, that a new Government can expose the venality of bargains made and send them back disgraced and naked into private life. (6) Finally, politicians, Grit and Tory, have learned that the electors of Canada can and may rise up at any election and shape the result to suit themselves despite all the leaders, civil servants, heelers, mandements, bulls, chairmen, gerrymanders and roorbacks possible or imaginable. These are the triumphs of the campaign and they are important.

The Liberals will very likely resent any suggestion that they are to partake sparingly of the fruits of victory, but I cannot refrain from reminding them that their success is due to Conservative votes—that the leaders of the Government party forced the voters of that party to defeat the Government, and that the National Policy is not necessarily condemned, nor the country necessarily in love with trade theories that were not pushed into prominence in the contest that has just closed.

The two deaf and dumb girls referred to in this paper a few weeks ago have found a home for the summer with a kind family at

sure to break up the system of the home to some extent. Almost every hour of every day it will require some attention or some thought, so that the charity is continuous and made up of incalculable trifles. It has been said, in contrasting the characters of Thackeray and Dickens, that the former was always ready to assist a friend by lending him money but was very slow to inconvenience himself in other ways, while Dickens, although averse to lending money, would spend a whole day going in and out about London seeking for something that a friend was in need of. He seemed to delight in serving his friends, and if one of them, for instance, wanted to rent a house of a particular kind, he would roam all over the city and persevere until he found exactly what was wanted. I think that Dickens does not suffer in this comparison. The man who will give his money freely is deserving of praise, but it may cost him nothing since the value, even of coin, is only relative and not arbitrary, while nothing can diminish the merit of kindnesses that take the shape of physical performances. A rich man may give a dollar to a person who is in trouble without feeling any real sympathy, but if a man puts on his hat, goes out and enters heart and soul into the task of easing the difficulty, his sympathy cannot be doubted. There are times, of course, when nothing is of use save money or money's worth, and then the man who, under such

London so long occupied by his life-time adversary, Sir Charles Tupper. Sir Richard has all the instincts of an old-fashioned English gentleman, a truth that is well known to those who are acquainted with him in a social way, and, while he has been the target for political sharpshooters for eighteen years, his instincts have undergone no change, so that he should make an ideal High Commissioner. In London his economic principles will be accounted very sound. The free trade air of England will agree with him, and whenever he makes a speech he will be applauded. Sir Oliver Mowat bids fair to survive all the large men who were his contemporaries, but just what brief part he will play in Federal politics is not yet clear. Both parties must draw in new men. It is inevitable and fortunate. For years there has been a semi-stagnation somewhere along the channel of supply, and men could not get forward unless they could prove that they assisted in drawing up the Act of Confederation.

MACK.

Social and Personal.

St. John's church, Port Hope, was on Tuesday the scene of a fashionable and very pretty wedding, when Miss Seymour was married to Mr. Herbert Mullens of Toronto. The bride looked more than usually her lovely self, and was attired in a rich gown of pearl gray broadened poplin, with trimmings of white chiffon, and wearing a tiny French hat to match. An immense bouquet of roses added to the very handsome appearance of her costume. She was given away by her cousin, Mr. Arthur Van-Koughnet. Her bridesmaids were Miss Sybil Seymour and little Miss Cumberland, who wore daintily beautiful gowns of white muslin with ribbons of pink, and large white picture-hats, and carried bouquets of pink roses. Mr. Aubrey Heward was best man. After the ceremony a reception was held at the picturesque residence of Mrs. Seymour, Idalia, where Mr. and Mrs. Mullens received their guests under a flower-bell, the drapings and curtains of a bow window making an attractive background, whilst masses of roses, water-lilies, palms and banks of flowers added to the brilliancy of the rooms. Many and various were the beautiful presents, a large number coming from Mr. Mullens' native place, Newberry, Eng. Amongst the invited guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Barlow Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. E. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Van-Koughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Naculoch, Mrs. Benjamin Seymour, Mrs. S. J. VanKoughnet, Mrs. Machray, Mr. B. Mrs. and Miss Parsons of Toronto, Mr. and the Misses Daintree and Mr. S. Cornell of Cobourg, Judge and Mrs. Benson, Miss Benson, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Ward, Miss Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Woodhouse, Mrs. and Miss Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Burnham, the Misses Burnham, the Misses Hugel, and Mrs. and Miss Scott of Port Hope, Messrs. Bogert, Evett, Nordheimer, Pearce, Whitehead, Spencer, Griffin, Heward, Collinson and many others.

A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday evening at All Saints' church, the contracting parties being Miss Gussie Colby, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Colby, and Mr. Hector M. Grant. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. H. Baldwin, and amidst showers of rice and a profusion of good wishes the happy couple left for the East. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Grant will take up their residence at No. 80 Macpherson avenue.

The social event of the season in Port Perry was the marriage on Tuesday afternoon last of Blanche Ethylwyne, only daughter of Mr. David J. Adams, to Mr. Hibbert Glenecross Hutchison, of the Western Bank there. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Joseph Fletcher, rector of the Church of the Ascension, which was beautifully decorated with palms and flowers for the occasion, the work of the girl friends of the bride. The blonde beauty of the bride was resplendent in a wedding gown of white duchess satin and lace, and the regulation wreath and veil. She carried a large bouquet of bridal roses, and wore as ornaments a rarely beautiful set of family jewels, emeralds and gold, the gift of the groom, who inherited them from the Hibberts. The bride was given away by her father and attended by little Miss Helen Davy of Chicago, in white silk and pink trimmings, as maid of honor; and by Miss Edith Adams of Ambleside, in cream silk and pearl trimmings, with large white hat trimmed with ribbon and flowers, and by Miss Maud Annes of Whitby, in Nile green silk and pearls, with black tulle picture hat and plumes, her cousins, as bridesmaids. The bridesmaids carried bouquets of pink roses. The bride wore a diamond ring and the bridesmaids gold rings set with opals, gifts of the groom. Mr. R. G. Baird was groomsmen, Mr. Herbert Adams and Mr. Douglas Adams, brothers of the bride, acted as ushers. A reception at Spruce Villa, the home of the bride's parents, followed the ceremony in the church, the guests being refreshed under a *marquee* tent on the lawn. The presents were numerous and beautiful. The happy couple left for a trip down the St. Lawrence.

The Sisters of St. Joseph in charge of the House of Providence desire to express their sentiments of gratitude and obligation to all who assisted in making their recent picnic a success. Special thanks are due to the ladies who by their untiring efforts procured refreshment tables, and to the gentlemen who by their unflagging ardor so ably worked up the amusements. Appended are the receipts from the different parishes: Our Lady of Lourdes, \$221.31; St. Basil's, \$220.00; St. Helen's, \$90.78; St. Joseph's, \$80.33; St. Mary's, \$321.00; St. Michael's, \$307.40; St. Patrick's, \$300.81; St. Paul's, \$444.63; St. Peter's, \$38.40; admission and other sources, \$956.33. This makes a total of \$2,989.90, and when the expenses, \$310.00, are deducted there remains the handsome balance of \$2,679.90.

The season at old Niagara-on-the-Lake is beginning now in earnest. The first hop will be held this evening at the Queen's Royal Hotel, and a large and fashionable attendance is promised. On Dominion Day there will be a special hop, and for cyclists a special rate is offered by the hotel from Tuesday afternoon to Thursday morning. The Queen's Royal will be a great rallying place for fashionable Buffalo-

nians on the following Saturday, which is the Fourth of July. The Cleveland Bicycle Company has charge of the bicycle school and livery in connection with the Queen's Royal and will commence operations at once. The instruction will be given in the large pavilion on the Queen's Royal property on the lake shore, which affords ample space for instruction and is cooled by the fresh breezes from the lake. For those who desire to master the art of wheeling amid the quietest and pleasantest environments, nothing more delightful could well be devised, for Niagara with its beautiful scenery and splendid roads is becoming quite a cycling center of the country. On July 14 the Canadian championship tennis tournament begins and continues for the remainder of the week. A special concert, a tennis cotillion, and other diversions are arranged for the week, which is sure to be one of the most enjoyable gatherings.

The death of Hon. John Beverley Robinson, which occurred so suddenly last Friday night in the basement of Massey Music Hall, where he had gone to speak at Sir Charles Tupper's meeting, removes one of the most interesting and distinguished figures from Toronto society. He was one of our most influential men ever since Toronto claimed the name of city, and he is mourned sincerely by all who knew him, for to the last he was energetic and useful. The funeral occurred on Monday. At Beverley House a quiet service was performed, and then the procession marched to St. James' cathedral, where Bishop DuMoulin, assisted by Rev. J. P. Lewis of Grace church, conducted the funeral ceremony. The casket, placed on black pedestals near the altar, was then arranged so that the great concourse of people could pass it and get a last view of the strong face of one who was every inch a man whom, in life, the timid could follow and upon whom the weak could lean. The interment took place at St. James' cemetery. The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers: His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir William R. Meredith, Sir Oliver Mowat, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Alexander Manning and Mr. Thomas Shortt. In the procession to the cemetery were the Mayor and members of the City Council, officers and members of the Toronto Athletic Club, of which deceased was president, and hundreds of our most prominent citizens.

Miss Edith Laura Hewitson, daughter of Mr. John Hewitson of Toronto, was married on Wednesday to Mr. Adam Clark, also of Toronto, at St. Matthias' church, Rev. F. G. Plummer officiating. After the reception at the house the happy couple left for the East with the well-wishes of their numerous friends.

On Wednesday evening the Island Amateur Aquatic Association elected their officers and organized for the season. Their pretty club house at Center Island will be the scene of their opening dance on Saturday evening, July 4. The officers elected were as follows: President, Capt. H. V. Knight; vice-president, G. E. Macrae; second vice-president, W. K. McNaught; captain, R. L. Cowan; secretary, R. L. Gagen; committee—Messrs. James Craig, Harry MacLaren, A. L. Eastmore, C. Canbie, Gerald Wade, G. Clarkson, Jack Wilson, C. Goldman, S. Cameron, C. Consul, V. Chadwick and W. Bradshaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan A. Rose have given up their home at 39 St. Mary street and are now at Hanlan's Hotel on the Island.

Things are very lively at the Toronto Canoe Club, the floats being crowded night and morning with paddlers. The handicaps for the tandems and fours were posted on Saturday night, and all the crews are now hard at work. For the fourth time is short, as the trial heats are to be paddled off to-day, when there will be some close races for a place in the finals at the regatta on July 4. The crew for the war-canoe race in the civic regatta is at work and will get in some great work on Dominion Day. The representative tandem and four are also in evidence and will be heard from at the same time and place. Altogether there is a feeling in the T. C. C. that if hard work counts for anything, the "boys" will give their friends some great races on July 1 and 4.

The Canadian Road Club (bicyclists) have elected the following officers: President, D. Denmore, Tourists; first vice-president, H. A. Dean, Deseronto; second vice-president, W. W. Beaton, Winnipeg; secretary-treasurer, S. J. Schulte, Toronto; chief centurion, A. E. Walton.

Arrangements are being made for sending delegates from Canada to the Irish National Convention, which will be held in Dublin on September 1. His Grace Archbishop Walsh has consented to be one of the delegates.

Miss Trixie Greiner of Saginaw is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Fred C. Armstrong of Ontario street.

Messrs. William J. Mitchell, Thomas W. Rea and F. Judd Kennedy of the Toronto Bicycle Club leave this evening by the Empress of India for Rochester, from which place they intend wheeling down to New York city and also visiting Philadelphia and Atlantic city, N. J.

The engagement of Miss Mary Blaikie and Rev. W. G. Wallace was incorrectly announced last week, the name of Miss Florence Blaikie being given in error. I regret this and hasten to set matters right.

I am not under the same restraints as the critic who writes of sporting matters on the sixth page of this paper, and so I can jubilate over the phenomenal victory on Wednesday of the Canadian College Cricketers at Trinity against the eleven from Haverford College and the University of Pennsylvania. It was to have been a two-day match, but the whole thing was ended early the first day, although the second day was utilized, too, in order to save the public a disappointment. There was much rejoicing on the Trinity campus when Mr. Laing and Mr. Wadsworth began tumbling alien wickets, although, mind you, Mr. Morice gave us palpitation of the heart by hitting Mr. Laing's first bowl for six and his second for four, whereupon the languorous but forceful bowler sent the daring stranger's wickets flying

in all directions. Quite a lot of society people were present, but there was by no means so large an attendance as there should have been, for Philadelphia is always gracious to our boys when they go to the Quaker City. However, the good people of Trinity made the visitors welcome and practiced every art of hospitality in their behalf.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. Kirkpatrick and a jolly party of ladies and gentlemen have accepted invitations to spend Dominion Day in Penetang.

Among those who are at the West End of the Island for the summer are: Mr. and Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. R. Lockhart, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wade, Major and Mrs. Sankey, and Messrs. Cartwright, James Craig, A. Archibald, Harry MacLaren, Gerald Wade and C. Armstrong.

On Wednesday last the home of Mr. Ambrose Kent on Walmer road was the scene of a quiet and pretty wedding, on the occasion of the marriage of his only daughter, Ida, to Rev. T. E. Egerton Shore. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. F. Ockley, assisted by Rev. W. F. Wilson, in the presence of a few intimate friends. The bride was beautifully attired in white silk with orange blossoms, and carried a magnificent shawl bouquet. The bridesmaid, Miss Emma Bugg, cousin of the bride, was gowned prettily in Nile-green silk. The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Allan Shore. The young couple amid hearty congratulations left for a trip to the White Mountains and sea-side.

Have you seen the delightful Rastus in the window of the Pantechnethca? It is the life-size figure of a barefooted colored boy seated on a stool, his face wreathed in a most engaging smile. Beside him, painted on a large card, is the remark: "Mr. Robertson is going to get me a job in the post office." Everyone is in love with Rastus and he is being gazed at continually by people who smile almost as broadly as himself.

Rev. Archdeacon Mills of Montreal came up Wednesday and registered at the Rossin House.

Messrs. William and Harry Morice of Harvard, who came up to play in the International Intercollegiate cricket match at Trinity, will remain in the city for a week, the guests of their uncle, Mr. D. Morice of Cowan avenue.

The Toronto Athletic Club tea, which was postponed on account of the death of Hon. John Beverley Robinson, will be held on Wednesday, July 8. Tea will be served by Mrs. Walter S. Lee and Mrs. H. M. Pellatt.

Mr. and Mrs. George Buckland Brown have returned from their wedding trip and are residing at Loughbreeze, 1497 Queen street west. Mrs. Brown will be at home to her friends the second, third and fourth Thursdays in July.

Many will regret to hear of the death of Mr. Giuseppe Gianelli, which occurred on Wednesday from blood poisoning, the result of an accident. The deceased had seen active service in the Sardinian Royal Navy and took part in several engagements. In 1890 he was wounded at Palermo, and for bravery received a medal and a pension for life. Mr. Gianelli came to Canada in 1898. He was a brother to Chevalier Gianelli, the Italian Consul here.

Rev. Dr. Marling of New York, an ex-pastor of Bond street Congregational church, is visiting friends in the city.

Yesterday was prize day at Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines, and quite a party of friends of the pupils went over by boat, and many others by train.

The Toronto Public School annual games will take place to-day on the Exhibition Grounds. There will be great excitement among the school children, and the games are well worth seeing. Luncheon will be served at one o'clock.

Mrs. Robert Walker's friends were sorry to hear of the accident which befell her while out driving the other day. Mrs. Herbert Walker and child were also in the carriage at the time of the runaway, but fortunately escaped without injury.

The Misses Lawler left on Thursday for New York, where they sail by the Cunard steamer Umbria on June 27 to spend the summer in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. George of 72 Avenue road are in receipt of many congratulations on the success of their daughter, Miss Maggie George, in the examinations at Loretto Abbey. This young lady took highest honors in mathematics, gaining the gold medal presented by Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, and also obtained the highest number of marks in the province for drawing in the advanced course. As this is the result of only twelve months' study, Miss George is fairly entitled to a great deal of praise for the high honors she has gained.

There will be a great patriotic demonstration at the unveiling of the Volunteers' monument in Queen's Park to-day.

A splendid congregation gathered in St. James' cathedral Wednesday morning to witness the ceremony consecrating Canon DuMoulin as Bishop of Niagara. All the dignitaries of the Church of England who could be present were on hand, including Rev. John Travers Lewis, Metropolitan of Canada; Bishop Sweetman of Toronto, Bishop Baldwin of Huron, Bishop Sullivan of Algoma, Bishop Hamilton of Ottawa, Archdeacon Houston of Ottawa, Archdeacon Jones, Archdeacon Dixon of Guelph, Canon Cayley, Canon Osler, Canon Sweeney, Canon Sutherland, Rev. Dr. Scadding, and Rev. Frank DuMoulin of Chicago. The consecration ceremonies were most imposing and beautiful, and, although lengthy, were followed with deep interest by the large gathering.

Mrs. Frank Webb, who has been visiting friends on Madison avenue, has returned home.

The Misses Burns of 222 Simcoe street have gone to Colborne to visit Mrs. Frank Webb.

Mrs. (Dr.) J. A. Tuck, who has made a most

enjoyable visit with her mother, Mrs. Notman, Spadina avenue, left for home Thursday, June 18. Her sister, Miss Muriel, accompanied her.

Miss Rella M. Sims returned home, 86 Jameson avenue, from Miss Lawder's ladies' boarding-school, Montreal, having passed a creditable examination in her various studies.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Patterson's silver wedding last Saturday evening was a very pleasant affair. The house and grounds were handsomely decorated, and refreshments were served by Webb in a *marquee* on the lawn. Telegrams of congratulation were received from friends in Winnipeg, Vancouver, Victoria, New York and other places, and letters from many who were unable to be present owing to important political engagements. A happy feature of the proceedings occurred when the groom presented the bride with a massive silver bracelet and a good conduct medal, which latter was greatly admired by all the other matrons present. The bride was also presented with a silver tea-set by her children. There were about one hundred and fifty guests present—including both bridesmaids at the original wedding—and among others I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. John Akers, Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Barclay, Mr. Walter Blight, Mr. John Burns and Miss Burns, Mr. Robert Crean and the Misses Crean, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Carter and Miss Carter, Mr. A. Cruickshank, Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dunnet, Mrs. Dean of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. E. King Dodds and Miss Dodds, Lr. and Mrs. J. E. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Ellis, Mrs. W. H. Ellis, Miss Ellis, Mrs. William Eckardt, Miss Eckardt, Miss Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Atwell Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. H. Goodman, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hillock, Mr. Fred Heath, Mrs. Henderson of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. F. Helliwell, Miss Mabel M. Helliwell, Mr. J. E. Hulett, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Irving, Mrs. James, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. H. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Lancaster, Miss H. K. Legge, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Macpherson, Mrs. John Macdonald, Mr. D. G. Macdonald, Mr. R. C. McHarrie, Miss Martin, Mr. James Murray, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Murray, Miss Murray, Major and Mrs. F. E. Manly, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Patterson, Miss I. Patterson, Miss M. A. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Price, Mr. and Mrs. H. Piper, the Misses Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reid, Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Rose, Mr. E. E. Sheppard, Miss A. E. Storm, Miss Rose Sheppard, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Wickens, Mr. A. S. Wigmore and Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wilkinson.

Mr. E. E. Sheppard sailed on steamship Friesland on Wednesday for Antwerp, and will join his family in Paris.

The many friends of Dr. A. M. Ross will be gratified to learn that he is making rapid recovery from the effects of the accident which befell him, and that present prospects indicate that he will be out again in a few days.

The commencement exercises of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, were held on the afternoon and evening of Thursday of this week, and a large party of Toronto people went down by the noon train to participate in this always pleasant social affair.

Mrs. William B. Rogers, Mrs. (General) Chalmers and Mrs. Tallu White of Memphis, Tenn., are on a visit to Toronto and are stopping at the Elliott House.

Judge Morgan will sail for England about the middle of July and return early in September.

Lieut.-Col. Turnbull sailed from Montreal for Liverpool last week.

Mr. Charles Johnson of Warrick Bros. & Rutter will sail on July 1st for a two months' holiday trip to London, Eng.

A miser, some years ago, finding himself very unwell, at length grudgingly sent for a doctor, whom he bade unhesitatingly to tell him truly what was his actual condition. "I will be perfectly frank with you," said the medical man; "you cannot live more than six weeks." Directly the miser heard this he sent for one of the governors of a public charity, and that gentleman arrived, full of expectation. "I have always admired your institution," said the miser, "and I intend to bequeath £1,500 to it. My doctor has just informed me that I shall not live long, so I sent for you to acquaint you with my intention. But—" "In the name of the patrons of our institution," said the delighted governor, "I thank you." "But in order to save trouble and expense in the making of my will," continued the miser, "I have thought that if you would allow me the usual discount for prompt cash, I will give you the money immediately."

Lord Dunraven writing from Paris to a member of the St. James' Club relates a little incident that came under his notice in a restaurant, illustrating the *sang-froid* of the moneyless gentry of Paris: "An individual who had dined wisely and well, not forgetting one luxury in or out of season, rose brusquely and proceeded to the door, a small waiter as speedily following him, and rattling 'ta note' in such a fashion that at length it was impossible not to pay attention. The diner took the bill, and then said in a severe tone to the small waiter, 'What is this?' 'Your addition, sir, your note, the bill for your dinner.' The diner thereupon handed the bill back sharply and, leaving with great dignity, said, 'I did not ask you for it.'

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On Tuesday, June 16, at high noon, a fashionable wedding took place at St. Catherine's church, St. Catharines, when Mr. Patrick Luke Fay, of Chicago was united in marriage to Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas C. Dawson, Sheriff of the County of Lincoln. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father O'Donohue, assisted by the Dean of St. Catharines and Rev. Father Smyth of Merriton. The bride wore an exquisite gown of white duchesse satin trimmed with *muslin de soie*, a spray of orange blossoms catching her tulle veil, and carried a prayer-book bound in white and silver. She was attended by her sister, Miss Margaret Dawson, as maid of honor, who made a dainty picture in white organdie dotted with forget-me-nots, and whose large white hat gave a finishing touch to an altogether lovely costume. Two little bridesmaids, Mildred Cox and Frances Dawson, were the admiration of all, in white Swiss frocks and large picture hats of *point d'esprit*, as they preceded the maid of honor, carrying large bunches of crimson roses. The groomsmen were Mr. Thomas C. Dawson, Jr., and the ushers Messrs. W. G. Ramage, E. N. Bate, C. J. C. Mee and Dr. A. F. Rykert. The beautiful church was looking its best, the high marble altar being one mass of flowers and gleaming lights, and the music in perfect keeping with the solemn service. Miss Winifred Carman sang magnificently an Ave Maria, set to an aria from the Cavalleria Rusticana, and at the close of the nuptial mass the bridal party left the church to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, 132 Ontario street, where a number of relatives and friends offered their warmest congratulations to the newly wedded pair. The house was decorated most artistically, the mantel at the end of the long drawing-room being banked high with palms, roses and maiden-hair ferns, before which the young bride and groom, assisted by their maids and ushers, received on their return from the church. In the dining-room, where the decorations were entirely of white roses, dainty refreshments were served, and many congratulatory telegrams were received from absent friends. A costly array of gifts bespoke the warm hearts of the bride's many friends. Mr. and Mrs. Fay left on the 2.50 train for the West, amidst showers of rice and good wishes.

On Wednesday, June 17, a very pretty wedding took place at the residence of the bride's mother, 87 Spencer avenue, by Rev. D. C. Hosack, of Parkdale Presbyterian church, when Miss Charlotte Florence, youngest daughter of the late Charles Bender, and grand-daughter of Mr. T. A. Heintzman, was married to Mr. George F. Little of New York. The bridesmaid was Miss Bertha Cable, and the groomsmen Mr. Will Bender, brother of the bride. The maid of honor was little Miss Gladys Platten, niece of the bride, and the little page, Master Gordon Bender, nephew of the bride. Among the guests were: Mr. T. A. Heintzman, Mr. and Mrs. H. Heintzman, Mr. Will Heintzman, Mr. and Mrs. George Heintzman, Miss Hunter, Mr. H. P. Dwight, Mr. Charles Dwight, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Hogarth, Miss Gertrude Smith, Prof. and Mrs. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. McMullen, Mr. and Mrs. Banan, Mr. and Mrs. Nimmo, Miss Mylins of Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby, Miss Little, Mr. and Mrs. D. McCall, Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Cable, Mrs. and Miss Davis, Dr. and Mrs. Wagner, Dr. and Mrs. Mylins of Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. W. Little, Mr. and the Misses Lennox, Mrs. and Miss Wright, the Misses Swann of Chestnut Woods, Oakville, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wright, the Misses Miles, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Schwenker, Mr. and Mrs. Platten of New York, Mrs. Keene, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Sharp, Mrs. Platten, Mr. and Mrs. Ridout, Mr. Dickson, Mr. W. Murdoch, and many others. Mr. and Mrs. Little left on the 10.25 train for the East and will reside in New York City.

On Wednesday, June 17, Miss Katie Manser and Mr. E. E. Lord were married at the residence of the bride's mother, 78 Wright avenue, Parkdale, Rev. D. C. Hosack officiating. Miss Manser wore a pretty gown of gray silk and carried a large bouquet of bridal roses tied with white satin ribbon. Miss A. Manser, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, in a pretty gown of cream mohair. Her little niece, Miss M. C. Manser, in white, acted as maid of honor, and Mr. A. Reid as groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Lord left for a tour through the States and to Halifax. On their return they will reside in Peterboro'.

J. E. D. writes from New York: Central Park is a nice place. Nature and art outdid each other in the effort to make it the most beautiful oasis on earth. Within its several square miles one can imagine oneself roughing it in the wilds of Muskoka, and next moment strolling down Jarvis street. The abruptness of such changes really constitutes its objectionable feature. You come up to an immense boulder, stop a second, and then sneak around it on tiptoe, fearful of meeting a panther, only to find yourself face to face with a dainty finger-post announcing "this way to Fifth Avenue gate;" you lay yourself at full length on your watch-pocket to lap the *aqua pura* from a lovely poetic babbling brook, and your left hand catches in the chain connecting an iron cup with a staple in the rock; you hear a lion roar, and before you have time to forgive your enemies and write your address in your hat band, you see a placard requesting you to please not donate peanuts and things to the animals in the menagerie, "by order;" or you wave your arms and legs in glee, for the moment thinking yourself Robinson Crusoe—monarch of all you survey—and as you stoop down to recover a pants button that you think must be yours, you are horrified by the discovery that you have rudely interrupted the conversation of a devoted couple seated on a bench, who until your arrival had been talking to each other

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with their eyes. But for these sudden revulsions of feeling, and the omnipresent cop, Central Park would be perfect.

Lord Aylmer, who is eighty-two to-day, may be described as our only Canadian peer, just as Lord Fairfax is our American one, says the *London Mail*. Ever since his marriage with Miss Mary Journeaux of Melbourne, Quebec, Lord Aylmer has lived entirely in Canada. He is himself colonel in the Canadian militia, and his eldest son is Assistant-Adjutant General of the same, while his second son, Henry, is not only Major of Canadian Artillery, but has sat in the Dominion Parliament for twenty-two years, and his third son is a captain in the militia. The two elder sons have both married ladies in Montreal. A predecessor of Lord Aylmer's was Governor-General of Canada, and it was during his time that the first ties with the colony were formed by the family.

Word comes to us from London that Dominion Day will be celebrated this year by a great dinner which will be attended by Canadians, and, if possible, by all the distinguished friends of Canada—ex-Governors-General and others. The arrangements are not sufficiently advanced for a definite announcement.

The following are stopping at Hotel Hanlan: Mr. T. C. Patterson, Mr. C. H. Hay of Montreal, the Misses Crombie, Mr. R. Ryan of Ottawa, Miss Butler, Mr. Storey, Mr. C. J. Campbell, Mr. John Hawkins, Mr. D. McCall, Mr. F. J. McIntosh, Mr. A. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss A. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hyslop, Jr., Mr. O. A. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. F. Nicholls, Mr. R. H. Hilliard, Canon and Mrs. Cayley, Miss Cayley.

Mr. and Mrs. Will N. McKendry have returned from their wedding trip and taken up house at 17 Gifford street. Mrs. McKendry will be at home on the first and third Tuesdays.

Mrs. Short and family, of Wellington street west, are at Parry Sound for the summer.

Mr. W. B. Short of the Canada Life Assurance Co. is spending a few weeks at Parry Sound.

On Saturday, June 13, at two o'clock, Holy Trinity church, Welland, was the scene of a fashionable and very pretty event, the marriage of Miss Lizzie Schooley, daughter of Dr. Schooley of Welland, to Mr. W. J. Elliott of Toronto. The church was prettily decorated with flowers in various designs, and draperies. Rev. Dr. Johnston officiated. Miss Florence

Brown presided at the organ, and the soft strains of Lohengrin's and Mendelssohn's wedding marches were played as the bride, who was escorted to the altar by her father, entered and left the church. She was elegantly attired in a gown of ivory duchess satin *en train*, trimmed with silk chiffon and ornamented with pearls. From her neck was suspended a sunburst of diamonds and pearls, the gift of the groom. She wore the customary veil and carried in her hand a shower bouquet of roses and maiden-hair ferns. The bridesmaids were Miss Maude Schooley and Miss Susie Baxter, who wore pretty white silk dresses and picture hats and carried bouquets of carnations and sweet-peas. The groom was supported by Mr. J. T. Hunter. After the ceremony was over the happy couple entered their carriage and were driven to the residence of Dr. Schooley, where a reception was held and luncheon served amid a bower of foliage and flowers, and many were the offerings of best wishes to the newly-wed. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott left by train for the South en route for Scotland and other places. Miss Schooley will be greatly missed in church and social circles in Welland, where she was a general favorite, as was substantially evidenced by the many rich and beautiful gifts she received. Mr. Elliott is a rising young barrister of this city and president of the Young Liberal Club. Upon their return they will take up their residence here. Among the invited guests were: Hon. Dr. and Mrs. Montague, Hon. Rich. and Mrs. Harcourt, Hon. Jacob and Mrs. Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Neil McCrimmon, Mr. and Mrs. Willison, Mr. and Mrs. Cahoe, Mrs. Haun, Miss Kate Haun, Messrs. Fred and Percy Haun, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. and Miss Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Elliott, Mrs. J. E. Elliott, Mr. J. C. Elliott, Miss Annie Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. McKague, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Adams, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hume, Dr. and Mrs. Buchner, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. V. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Foulke, Mr. Geo. E. J. Brown, Miss Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Misses Jean Woodward, Bessie Burger, Nellie Duncan, Alice Jackson, Carrie Vanderbury, Messrs. Morin, Raymond, Anderson, Bate, and others.

"The Restigouche Fishing Club," says the *New York Sun*, "has allured a number of both single and married men away from civilization to the famous salmon streams of Canada, and Dr. Seward Webb having provided a private car, a party of enthusiastic fishermen have been enjoying the hospitalities of the club house and the excitement of the sport to the exclusion of all tamer pleasures."



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TOM'S UNCLE.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

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Tom tore open the letter which had just been brought in to him. It was evidently brief. He read it at a glance, then threw it down on the table with an energetic expletive.

"I beg your pardon!" said I politely.

Tom pulled vindictively at his budding mustache.

"I ought to beg mother's pardon," he muttered, "for swearing over her note! But would you believe what she says?"

"Certainly," said I, with sweet seriousness. "I would take your mother's word against a million."

"Oh!" he exclaimed impatiently. "you know I don't mean that. Do shut up till I tell you!"

I threw away the stump of my cigar, clasped my hands, and assumed an attitude of hungry attention.

Tom muttered something about my being an idiot, but hastened to share with me the tidings which had so disturbed him.

"My distinguished uncle, Prof. Henry Jerrold, will be here to-night. Mother says we must make it pleasant for him!"

"That's a gaudy prospect!" said I. "What particular species of dry-as-dust is he to be classified under? Tell me that, and I'll tell you how to manage him."

"Oh, I'm aware you know everything, Bob!" was the unkind reply. "but this is too big a problem even for your intellect. It's too bad, with mother just comfortably out of the way, and the little game all arranged for to-night, and the picnic to the island so nicely planned for to-morrow. We can't take him in. We can't leave him out. It's too rough, altogether!"

"But who is he?" I persisted. "It may not be as bad as you fancy!"

"He's the professor of mathematics in some Western college!" said Tom. "A big gun in his way, you know. There are half a dozen of his books over on that shelf next to the fireplace. Fascinating things on the Calculus, and Surds, and Conic Sections."

"Ah!" said I, rising languidly and going over to the shelf in question. "Mathematics, I perceive! And very, very dusty! Now, my dear boy, the case simplifies itself amazingly. Have these books nicely dusted and leave one of them lying on this table beside your own easy-chair. This will make him feel at home and please him greatly. Mathematicians are, next to scientists and musicians, the vainest of men. Moreover, unlike other professors, the professors of mathematics are in a measure human. They all drink whisky—usually Scotch. Let him have the library here all to himself—with pen, ink, paper and whisky he'll be happy all night, till we tell him it's time to go to bed. Mathematicians generally sit up, lost in a problem, till they are told it's bedtime. We'll have our little game in the breakfast room and tell him it's whisky. Mathematicians approve of whisky; but he won't want to play, because he'll understand that the party is made up!"

Somewhat fatigued by this eloquent dissertation on mathematicians, I flung myself down on the broad lounge. As for Tom, he beamed upon me gratefully.

"Old man," said he, "you have a statesman's brain. And what about the picnic to-morrow?"

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," said I airily, waving aside the problem. "I'll devise some way of escape before the time is upon us."

Tom's normal cheer of countenance had now returned to him.

"Get up, Bob," said he: "let's go down to the club. I want to arrange something about the picnic."

Now, it would have suited me better to stay on the lounge and think. I love to spend my

comfortably, his nose buried in a book. He lazily took his feet off the table and rose to greet us.

"My nephew, I suppose!" said he, stretching out his hand to me.

"No, Prof. Jerrold, no such distinction for me," said I. "There is the trembling culprit, who should have met you at the train. I am his chum, Bob Sawyer, and very much at your service!"

The professor wrung our hands cordially, and expressed so prompt an interest in the subject of dinner that we adjourned to the dining-room at once.

There, at first, the soup and the salad, the weather, and the professor's journey, supplied us with safe subjects for conversation. Several spots of thin ice, incautiously approached by Tom, were dexterously skirted by me, and we began to feel quite at ease. The professor never alluded to such a thing as a conic section or a logarithm; and perceiving that he was not only reasonable but good-natured, I felt that we would have no difficulty in getting him out of the way for the evening.

As I lit a cigar after dinner, I said carelessly: "I saw you smoking, professor, so I presume apology is unnecessary!"

"Quite unnecessary, I assure you!" he responded dryly; and we went back to the library.

The professor happened to glance at the well-filled bookshelves.

"Oh, Uncle Henry," said Tom, "I hope you won't mind if we leave you alone among the books for a while this evening. I suppose you'll want to be studying or writing, and you'll find everything at hand here for the purpose. Not knowing of your coming till after lunch to-day, we made up a little rubber of whist for this evening. But we'll play in the breakfast-room, and be careful not to disturb you."

Tom's uncle smiled slowly. He gazed so long, first at Tom and then at me, that we both began to fear he had grave religious scruples against cards.

"I don't think one should be addicted to cards," said I hastily; "but I don't think there can be any harm in an occasional quiet game—at one's home, you know! Do you?"

"Perhaps you are right," he assented, with an air that might have been hesitation.

"Then you won't mind if we leave you?" said Tom.

His uncle smiled again.

"I think," said the professor, "that I won't work this evening, Tom. In fact, I have done enough during the last few months to feel myself entitled to a loaf. If it's to be whist, of course you have your table made up, so I'll just smoke and look on; and perhaps you won't mind me cutting in for a rubber or two?"

"I always understood that mathematicians approved of whist," said I.

But Tom, rather diffidently, hastened to explain.

"Well, you see, Uncle Harry," said he, "it is not whist exactly. We were obliged, in a way, to ask three fellows in; so, as that was too many for whist, we thought we'd have to play—er—poker, you know! But just for fun, you know! Just a dollar limit—you perhaps understand!"

"There is the trembling culprit who should have met you."

mornings in luxuriously thinking of what I will do some other morning. It is easy to forget these resolutions when the time for acting upon them threatens to arrive. But this morning Tom was importunate; and, to save argument, which bores me, I went with him.

Tom and I were in our senior year at college. I was spending the vacation with him at his mother's summer place in the quaint old village of Stratford, on the Housatonic. Tom's mother, a sweetly prim and benevolently Puritanical little dame, had run up to Boston for a few days to see an invalid sister, and we were now bent on making ripe hay in the unhallowed sunshine of her absence. As for Stratford, the aristocratic quiet of her wide, grassy, elm-shadowed avenues was just now much ruffled by the presence of gay summer visitors from New York. There was a brilliant actress, Adela Clay, in retreat from the persistent homage of an adoring public. There was a young poetess who had brought her husband with her to show that the somewhat candid fervor of her muse derived

its fire from duly-sanctioned sources. There was a successful humorist, whose look of gloomy abstractness after the utterance of a witticism was supposed to be cleverly assumed for the purpose of effect. As a matter of fact, it was the result of a stupendous effort to fix the jewel of wit in his mind for future use without aid of the pencil and note-book scrupulously concealed in his breast pocket. The rest were bright men and women of the world, whose fad it was to play on the skirts of a well-groomed and presentable bohemia.

With his circle of friends, Tom and I put in a far from dull afternoon. As we returned to the house for dinner nothing was more remote from our minds than the coming of Prof. Henry Jerrold.

As we entered the hall our nostrils were greeted by the smell of an uncommonly good cigar, coming from the library.

"Who's smoking, Williams?" asked Tom, addressing the butler, who came to say dinner was ready.

"Your uncle, sir," replied Williams.

"By gum!" exclaimed Tom, aghast. "He was to come on the 5.30; and we forgot to meet him!"

With some trepidation, plainly revealed by Tom, but concealed by me under an air of languid unconcern, we entered the library. A broad-shouldered man with eye-glasses and a dark mustache, dressed in a rough-and-ready suit of Scotch tweed, was smoking there very

"You're doing well, Uncle Henry! We'll make a poker player of you yet!"

His uncle looked amused, for some reason which I could not fathom.

"You need not call me 'Uncle Henry,' my dear fellow," said he. "Just call me Jerrold; or, as my most intimate friends do, Harry!"

"Uncle Henry" makes you seem too old, eh?" laughed Tom, not quite at ease with the distinguished visitor.

"No, my dear boy, but it makes you seem so young!" was the sarcastically drawled reply, at which we all laughed. I began to think that the professor would even do for the picnic on the island, if he would not take alarm at *la belle Adela's* somewhat audacious gaiety.

By and by there occurred a jack-pot which went around many times before anyone could open it. It began to assume attractive proportions. At last Fred Struthers cried:

"I'll open it for a dollar!"

I stayed with a small pair to draw to.

"Professor, up to you!" said I, seeing that he was glancing at his cards with an air of doubt.

"Two pairs are not much good, are they?" he mused, fingering his chips.

Now Tom, as it turned out, had had a pat deal to him, and was feeling elated.

"Why, uncle—er—Harry, I often raise on two good pairs!" said he, laughing.

"All right, then," said the professor, seeing the opener's bet, and raising it another dollar. Tom promptly saw the raise and lifted it again. Thereupon Niles, who was the dealer, stayed out, and Struthers cried:

"You scoundrel, you've got something big, I know," and threw down his hand, showing the openers. I also backed out, of course. The professor hesitated again.

"Well, if they were good for a raise before, they're just as good now!" said he, and raised again. This was what Tom wanted. He raised, and the professor raised back, half a dozen times, till at last Tom thought he wasn't using his uncle quite fairly, and just saw his last raise.

"I don't want to be too hard on a new

player!" he laughed, as he threw in the one blue chip.

"Thanks, my dear boy!" said the professor sweetly.

"Cards?" enquired Niles, holding out the pack over the table.

"One!" said the professor.

We all felt sorry for him.

"I'll play these!" said Tom.

Then the professor bet another dollar. Tom, of course, raised him the limit; whereupon the professor came back at him again. This went on several times, till I could not help saying:

"Don't you see, professor, he must have at least a straight or a flush!"

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed, with an air of alarm—at the same time raising again.

But now Tom, obeying the dictates of politeness, called:

"I have an ace full!" said he pleasantly.

"Ah!" said the professor, "I threw away an ace myself."

"But what have you got?" asked Struthers.

"My two pairs—I hope the reference did not mislead anyone!"—said the professor, "happen to be both of the same kind!" And laying four kings on the table he gathered in a goodly pile of chips.

Tom looked blank, and the rest of us laughed softly. I began to feel, in a vague way, that Tom and I were fools. At this juncture our belated guest arrived—one Lieut. Storrs of the United States navy.

"Forgive me for being so late, old fellow!" said he, grasping Tom's hand. Then, catching sight of the professor, he sprang forward and seized him by both shoulders before he could rise.

"I've heard the phrase somewhere," confessed the professor. "In fact, I don't mind taking a hand with you. It is an interesting game, light and cheerful; and six is not an inconvenient number, if I remember rightly!"

Tom looked at me in some bewilderment, and I said promptly:

"That will be delightful, sir, if you really think it won't bore you. And Tom and I can give you the main points of the game at once, before the others come."

"Oh, thank you," said the professor, "but I think I know enough to scratch along on till I see how you play. If not, I'll pick it up."

At this Tom and I smiled, with cheerful anticipations. We had met men before who, having read about the game, thought they knew it.

PART II.

Presently two of our guests arrived—Fred Struthers and Jack Niles. They seemed to get on very easily with the professor, who offered them his fine cigars. We soon got out the card table, and began our game in the library, there being no longer any need of fleeing to the breakfast-room, as Tom and I had planned. Tom's uncle seemed to understand the use of the little pile of red, white and blue chips which were given him. He drew cards as he saw the rest of us do, and finding them, apparently, no good, threw them away with an easy air of unconcern, which led me to wink at Tom, as much as to say: "He's learning, that uncle of yours!" And Tom nodded back, which I interpreted to mean, "We'll make something out of him, if he is an old Dry-as-Dust!" In fact, after the professor had raked in a small pot, on a pair of aces, Tom was so well pleased that he could not help saying:

"You're doing well, Uncle Henry! We'll make a poker player of you yet!"

His uncle looked amused, for some reason which I could not fathom.

"You need not call me 'Uncle Henry,' my dear fellow," said he. "Just call me Jerrold; or, as my most intimate friends do, Harry!"

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"Why, Harry, dear old man, who ever thought of seeing you here!" he cried. And the two wrong hands and bombarded each other with interjectional comment for some minutes.

At length, taking a seat, Lieut. Storrs looked at the professor's pile of chips.

"At your old tricks, Harry," said he. "Have you been winning that way right along ever since that night in San Francisco three years ago, when you cleaned us all out, and I had to borrow the cash from you next morning to pay my hotel bill? Don't you know it's against all precedent to be both lucky at cards and lucky in love!"

"Oh, I lose sometimes!" said the professor, modestly, but he did not say whether it was cards or love he referred to. "My kind nephew

here, and Mr. Sawyer, have been good enough to teach me the game of poker this evening, and have found me not inapt."

The lieutenant rolled in his chair with inextinguishable laughter. Niles and Struthers took in the situation as they had not done before, and roared with him. Tom got red, and then joined heartily in the mirth. I tried to save the remnants of my prestige by gazing at them all in urbane surprise, till I got a chance to speak, when I murmured blandly:

"I have been suspecting for some time, professor, that you knew a good deal more than you would care to impart to the students—or trustees—of your college!"

At this thrust the professor chuckled appreciatively. And the game went on.

When we broke up—I need not particularize as to the hour—Storrs said:

"It's great luck that you're here for the picnic to-morrow, Harry!"

"What picnic?" asked Tom's uncle.

"Oh," said the lieutenant, "Tom and Sawyer here have arranged for a party of us to go over to the island in boats, and have one of those fish dinners, for which the spot is famous!"

"Well, I don't know exactly," began the professor. But Storrs interrupted him with—

"Oh, she'll be there! She has promised to go!"

"Who is she?" asked the professor, with an air of charming innocence.

"Oh," jeered the lieutenant, "don't try to make me believe you came away out to Stratford without knowing the fair Adela was here. You probably came, indeed, because she wrote for you!"

"Of course, we are very good friends!" assented the professor. Tom gave me one expressive look. And we all said good night.

A little later—or earlier—Tom came into my room, just as I was about getting into bed.

"Did you ever know such a pair of asses as we made of ourselves?" asked he confidentially.

"Yes," said I crossly, "the pair he made of us!"

And to think he's a chum of Adela's!" continued Tom. "I was thinking he would be too shy of her for comfort at the picnic."

"Oh, she'll have no use for you, my boy, when he's around!" I snapped, being very sleepy. This was unkind of me, for Tom was sweet on the bewitching daughter of Thespis, and it was for her sake chiefly that he had planned the expedition.

"I don't care!" said Tom, sulkily retreating. "Lydia Charters will be there, and she's more fun than Adela any day!"

Now, Lydia Charters was the young poetess already referred to; and it was on her account that I found the idea of the picnic interesting.

I held my tongue therefore, and fell asleep to dream a little dream, in which Tom's uncle was gathering in a jack-pot of phenomenal dimensions. The bitterness of it, however, lay not in the fact that he left no one of us so much as a single chip, but in the astounding consideration that these chips represented all the loveliest women of my acquaintance.

THE END.

Glancing at his cards with an air of doubt.



Glancing at his cards with an air of doubt.

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How to Enjoy Yourself at a Summer Resort.

THE idea that one finds quiet in the country was exploded long ago by dogs, cows, birds, chickens, and summer boarders. To be happy in the country it is not sufficient to be without illusions on the subject; it is necessary also to be prepared to make plenty of noise in self-defence. This is the reason why so many summer boarders pretend that they know how to play banjos, pianos, cornets, and other musical instruments, and also that they can sing. They know as well as you do that they can do none of these things; but what you do not appreciate when you are making fun secretly of their performances is the fact that they are seeking to make a noise only to show that they can be just as disagreeable as other people and the brute creation. When they are in the quiet of the city they don't pretend to be musical. If you do not care to go to the expense and ostentation of a musical instrument, you can effect tremendous execution at a cost of some fifteen cents by presenting to some cunning, sweet, innocent child one of those little red-painted carts. The din one of them can produce when rolled over a piazza or banged upon the floor is simply appalling. Another excellent plan is to keep all the boarders and their children supplied liberally with fireworks and firecrackers, which are exceedingly cheap when one considers the suffering they are capable of inflicting. If in such simple ways you cause plenty of noise to be made yourself, you will not mind so much the noise made by others.

The subject of your relations with the other boarders demands long and careful consideration if they are to be established permanently on a pleasant basis. Some principles of behavior will seem obvious on reflection. In the first place you should not jump to the conclusion that they are amiable, interesting people, eager to serve you, just because they are pleasant when you first meet them. In reality they are cherishing secretly the same hostility which you feel toward them. Then do not enter into their sports and amusements unless there is some distinct advantage for yourself in sight. For instance, if you are fond of lawn tennis and need the other boarders to play with, do all you can to encourage the game. On the other hand, do not be too quick about joining in such enterprises as a progressive euchre party, in which you would only be contributing to the general entertainment. Neither should you stay out merely for the purpose of showing your own superiority to the crowd; you can do that much more effectively by going into the game and demonstrating the idiocy of those who made the arrangements and the bad taste exhibited in the selection of the prizes. As a general rule it is well to begin by assuming that the other boarders are undesirable characters and letting them prove their good qualities afterward if they can.

Of course, the servants don't wait on you properly. That's not what they are there for. They don't go to the country to work any more than you do. If you will use your common sense you will see that there is nothing in their neglect worth worrying about. You couldn't enjoy the food anyway, and at best your room could never be made to look tidy. So you are in no way at the mercy of the servants. The proper way to treat them is never to tip them and always to be late at meals. In that way you will be able to prevent them from enjoying themselves for a time at least, and make them hate you with impotent rage.

Do not forget that to quarrel with the other boarders would be in bad taste; besides, if you have conducted yourself in the proper spirit half of them will be just aching for a chance or an excuse to come to an open quarrel with you, and the greater your success in thwarting them the greater the pangs of misery and rage which they will suffer. For these reasons avoid all quarrels. You will find an adequate reward for your forbearance in the pleasure you will feel in the exercise of the tact and skill you will require when you try to tax the patience of your associates to the utmost limit and then stop short at that limit, never oversteering it. The pastime has all the excitement of the hunt, and at the same time it is one which you alone will enjoy. Then, too, the cultivation of tact which will be secured thus cannot fail to be of service to you in after life.

Remember that the most comfortable places about the grounds and on the piazzas belong to him who is most disagreeable. In the practical affairs of life amiability is at a disadvantage. Remember also that you don't know any better than to pick fruit and flowers on private grounds. If the owner objects, you can lacerate the feelings of his family by taking a clever woman along to look contemptuously at the best dresses of his wife and daughters.

A Curiosity.

Harper's Bazar.
It was in New Jersey.
The agent was showing a prospective tenant around.
And a mosquito lit on the prospective tenant's hand.
"I thought you said there were no mosquitoes here," said he.
"There ain't," replied the agent.
"What's that?" asked the prospective tenant.
"I don't know; you brought it with you, didn't you?" queried the agent.
"That's a mosquito, sir," said the prospective tenant severely.
"Really? Well, well, well! Say, let me take it home and show my grandmother, will you? She's lived here forty years, and never saw one."

And he winked his other eye.

"Satisfactory Results."

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A Necturne.

Harper's Bazar.
All was darkness in the basement. Leaning against the wall stood a bicycle. Presently the sound of conversation was distinctly audible.
"Don't you think the Lubricator and the Oil are getting pretty thick?" murmured the Sprocket.

"No," replied the Pedal; "the Lubricator seems to be stuck on the Chain."
"That's what I thought," said the Saddle; "but I get sat on so, I don't dare speak."
"I think the Lamp and the Oil would make a good pair," added the Sprocket.
"Yes, except that the Lamp smokes and goes out nights," whispered the Pedal.
"That's why I spoke of the Oil. What the Lamp needs is a good Match."
"If there's going to be a wedding," said the Bell, "I'll furnish the ring."
Then the conversation ceased, and not even a Wheel spoke.

A Lay Member.



It is Different in the Country.

City people don't begin to know all the discomforts a long, cold winter brings to people in the country. There is no hardship in leaving a warm house merely to step into a heated street car and be rapidly conveyed in comfort to wherever one's business takes one. But when one must go right out and face the elements, either walking or driving, with no protection except what one's clothing affords, it is different. No one cares to be weighed down with the burden of many garments, and yet warmth must be had by some means; and thus the idea of using a Fibre Chamois interlining in all winter clothing has become deservedly popular. Its warmth, without weight, and wind and waterproof qualities are highly appreciated by all who require to be much out of doors.

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This favorite hotel will be open 1st June for the reception of guests. The service in the future as in the past will be first-class. Courteous personal attention. Rates to families from \$5.00 per week up. If you are troubled with hay fever this climate will cure you. For further information address M. A. LUCAS, PROPRIETOR.

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Illustration of a shoe.

Illustration of a shoe.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

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The Masher and the Lady.

LIKE all big cities, Paris has its mashers. They annoy the ladies often enough, but, as a rule, they are harmless fools, after all. Here is the latest little story of a masher and a beautiful lady, which the Paris papers are printing and which the Sun translates:

At the Quai aux Fleurs on market day, a beauty arrived on foot. So did a masher. He fixed his loving eyes upon her. She paid no attention to him. He persisted, and vainly endeavored to engage her in conversation. Finally she purchased two big geraniums.

"Do you live far from here, madam?" asked the dude.

The lady made no answer at first; but after an instant's reflection, prompted by the size of the geranium pots and plants, and the necessity of employing a *commissaire*, she replied, sweetly: "Rue du Louvre, 99."

"Oh," exclaimed the masher, "you can't carry such a burden so far! Allow me to help you."

She smiled, but, in the language of the dualists, instead of "abandoning to him the choice" of pots, she pointed to both, and smiled again. The masher put a pot under each arm, and, equipped in that way, went off with the lady. When they came to the Rue du Louvre, 99, she stopped, thanked the dude, and stretched out her beautiful little hands for the flower-pots.

But the masher politely insisted upon carrying them up to her apartment.

"The trouble is," said the lady, "I live on the top floor and there is no elevator."

"I would not be surprised if you told me that you lived way up in heaven. Angels live there," said the enthusiastic masher.

"Well, come, then," said the lady, in the golden tones in which the Divine Sarah in Cleopatra addresses her Tony.

So up they went until they came to the abode of the sorceress. She rang the bell. Heavy footsteps were heard inside. The door was opened and a fine-looking man appeared.

"Allow me to introduce you to my husband, sir," said the lady. "My dear," she added, addressing her inferior portion, "this gentleman has been kind enough to carry these plants for me all the way from the flower-market and up the stairs, too, as you see."

"Good enough," said the big fellow. "Here, my man, here is a twenty-cent piece. Go and get a drink!"

The dude started down the stairs at a lively rate, without waiting for his *pourboire*, and, as he was going down, he could hear the ringing laugh of the lady and the hoarse "ha! ha!" of the happy husband.

John Jacob's Hobby.

A body of New York gentlemen returning from the Atlanta Exposition last summer, were delayed by the collapse of the locomotive, which, on the way north, broke down. Among them was John Jacob Astor, who joined the crowd about the engine, which the engineer was unable to repair. He got down on his hands and knees and crawled under it. He worked there for a few minutes, and then, coming out, ordered the engineer to drive on, as he had repaired the injury. A correspondent of *The Sun* asked the engineer who the man was. "An official of the road, undoubtedly," said the engineer. "No; that is John Jacob Astor," replied the correspondent, "and he told me he knew enough about locomotive engines to build one."

For Golfers Only.

Scottish Nights.

Not many days ago an enthusiastic golfer visiting a famous health resort made his way to the local links, with the intention of enjoying a quiet round by himself.

When he had "holed out" at number one he said to his caddy: "Where is the next hole?" "Just over yonder," replied that youth, indicating a tiny white flag fluttering in the breeze at about two hundred yards distance.

Our golfer went to the teeing ground, and, when his ball had been nicely "tee'd up," exclaimed confidently:

"Oh, that will just take a drive and a putt."

Then, addressing himself to the ball with a great deal of swagger, he struck it, but only sent it about ten yards.

"Surely, sir," exclaimed the impudent caddy, "but ye must be taking the putt first!"

A Bright Specimen.

Motto per Ridere.

The Count, prior to shutting himself up in his study, where he had several important letters to read, thus addressed his valet:

"Look here, Tominella, if anyone happens to call, mind you tell them, 'Master is out. Everybody bores me, you most of all.'"

"All right," said the valet, and the Count retired.

A quarter of an hour later there was a ring. Tominella went to the door. A beautiful young lady (the Count's future bride) enquired, in silvery tones:

"Is the Count at home?"

"No," replied Tominella haughtily, "he is out. Everybody bores him, and you most of all."

With that he slammed the door in her face.

SPORTING COMMENT

There is no road run more popular among wheelmen than down the Kingston road, and those who like to persevere and make a good run of it, like to go through to Whitby. Many stop there because of the hills between that town and Oshawa. Here is an article copied from the last issue of the *Whitby Chronicle*:

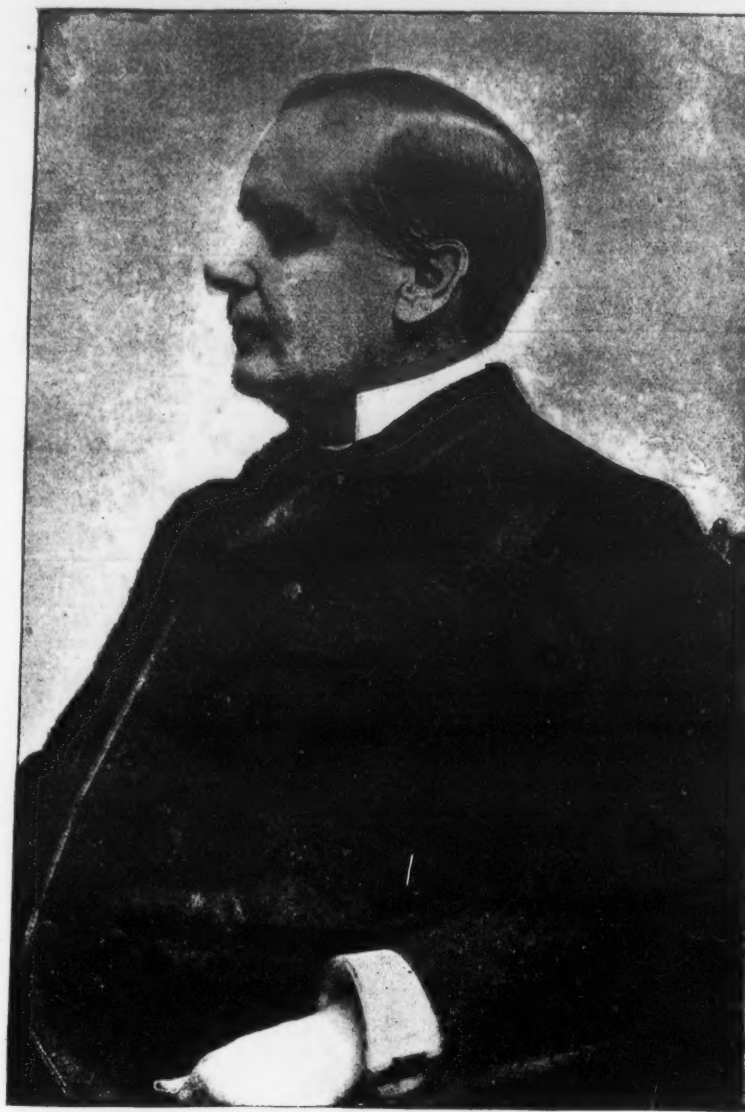
The season has again come around when gangs of city toughs make their annual raids into surrounding towns and disturb people by howling and stampeding all night. The dirty ruffians ride into towns with backs like drumheads, with about half a pound of cheap flannels sticking upon their protruding bones, and a coating of dust and filth from the roads covering all. They appear to be perfectly satisfied with themselves, and have the most extreme contempt for everybody else. They smell of sweat and filth from the horse paths along the roads, and with that cavity which to a less extent pervades all mankind, they appear to like their own odor. In this half-naked and filthy condition they assume all the most prominent places in the verandas and parlors of the leading hotels, and appropriate the best end of the dining-room to their bicycle horse-talk and loud body sweat and road perfume. No person who has a sneller or a stomach ventures to trespass upon any portion of the public places assumed by the bikers. In the course of time the first-class hotels will be deserted by respectable people and left to bicyclists and their abominable loud road yarns, over the details of which they now monopolize conversation wherever they meet, and there is very little of this earth left on which they do not meet. Guests at hotels and other places are inexplicably disgusted with the wheezing connection, their half-naked, loud-smelling bodies and beastly manners. But the bikers grow in their own estimation continually, and also in contempt of the remainder of the world, which is a back number in their estimation. On Saturday evening last a gang of the biking fraternity made a raid on this town, and from the time the falling shades enabled them to get under the cover of darkness until early morning they made the night hideous. Their midnight hours were spent near Ontario Ladies' College, where they carried out a very long and loud programme of alleged vocal music. Then they stampeded the walks to the Royal hotel, where we understand they held a grand wind-up, which was the climax of their all-night performance. What can be done to put a stop to this bicycle curse is a question hard to answer. Those who ride bikes and try to remain respectable have a hard time of it in this world as it is now run, and we desire to state most emphatically that we have no fault to find with our local bicyclists, of whom we have not seen nor heard anything amiss. We add this because some of them felt a little hurt when we took the liberty last year of condemning the bicycle nuisance as it exists among a class of bikers who are probably as great a nuisance in every other walk of life.

This is a very angry outburst. It is rather inelegant in its manner, too, but I reproduce it because every bicycle rider should read it. I do not know what provocation was given for this onslaught, or who composed the "gang of the biking fraternity" that indulged in "alleged" singing near the Whitby Ladies' College on the evening of Saturday, June 13, but I know that country sentiment, east, west and north of the city, is being aroused against bicyclists. The feeling should be soothed before restrictive and retributive measures are adopted in outside municipalities. I referred to this a couple of weeks ago in protesting against the practice some wheelmen have of riding in attire altogether too scanty for use anywhere, unless possibly on a race-track.

The concluding sentences of the *Chronicle* article point out that Whitby cyclists are not meant—that the local bicyclists are all right, etc. It might have occurred to the editor to say that there are some bicyclists who go through that town from Toronto, who also are all right—men who mind their own business, look respectable and do not smell bad. No where is it suggested in the article that any but rowdies ride wheels from the city to Whitby, yet there are others in dozens and scores who ride to that town and through that town. These people do not scream as they go, but glide quietly along and so are unobserved, yet the censure passed upon those who do create a disturbance includes all who make the journey. In those farmhouses where the *Chronicle* is read the idea is sown that all bicyclists from Toronto are rowdies and hoodlums, and the result is that a wheelman must ride for miles through an enemy's country. Sentiment is against him; the dogs are encouraged to chase him; wagons will not turn out for him; gravel is dumped in heaps and not smoothed in his behalf. If some wheelmen so conduct themselves as to call down the censure of country papers upon them, all wheelmen will be subjected to annoyances. If a bunch of riders, flying along the road, are impertinent to a woman in the doorway of a farmhouse, the lone rider who follows and stops there for a drink of water will get the dog set at him. One thing which wheelmen may rest assured of is, that good country roads for wheeling will never be provided while country sentiment is defiled.

Three wheelmen riding in a row may all be dressed in knickerbockers, sweaters and caps, to all appearances men of one stamp, but the first may be a blacksmith's apprentice, the second a carpenter, and the third a lawyer and father of a family. These three men may have very different ideas of what constitutes good behavior when in the country—they may have very different ideas as to what is fun and what is not. Yet if one acts like a rowdy the other two are not to blame unless they join and form a party. The noisy, offensive wheelman must be ostracized by cyclists. This sort of person has brought the names of respectable wheeling clubs into great disrepute by wearing their colors. A man on a wheel is not free to do as he likes. People who live along the roads have rights, and other wheelmen have rights. This is where the light sifts through—other wheelmen must guard the peace and regulate the conduct of those who give offence and bring all into disfavor. The men who do not know how to act when in the country, where the standards are more strict than in the city; the men who talk loud, dress insufficiently and bathe seldom, must be expelled from the clubs if they already belong, and must be kept out if they are out. Bicycle riders are frowning down scorching inside the city and they must also regulate the conduct of those who take Saturday and Sunday runs. While I most emphatically do not endorse what the *Whitby* paper says nor conceive it possible that such language was called for by the facts, yet I reproduce it because it represents country feeling.

Lacrosse boomed at the Island last Saturday, when the Tecumsehs defeated Cornwall and the Elms defeated the Etinas of Georgetown. Both games were spirited and the enthusiasm was intense. The cheering of the crowd could be distinctly heard at Exhibition Park and Stanley Barracks. There will undoubtedly be a great crowd at Rosedale to-day when the Tecumsehs and Torontos meet, and feeling will



WILLIAM McKINLEY OF OHIO.

Republican Nominee for the Presidency of the United States.

run high. The game will be a desperate one, but it is to be hoped that it will be a clean one. The public will not hold guiltless the team that introduces hard knocks into the contest, for the crowd will be largely composed of people who are not partisan—people who regard both clubs as home teams and are prepared to applaud and support both teams if both are deserving. There will be temperate followers from both camps present, of course, who will encourage a disturbance once it is begun, and the players must remember that the fair fame of lacrosse is in their keeping.

A Toronto club eleven played cricket in Port Hope last Saturday against Trinity College School. The School made 39 in the first and 43 in the second. The School put up 84 for five wickets and then closed the innings. This is the most enterprising move that has come under my notice for a long time. Some of the Toronto players must have experienced strange emotions when told that the School considered 81 a safe lead against a team including Messrs. P. C. Goldingham, W. W. Jones, A. H. Collins, K. H. Cameron, and such promising youngsters as Strathy, McMurtry, Howard and others. That the visitors had, in the first, been dismissed for the insignificant total of 43 was triumph enough for one day, and it could hardly have been hoped that the performance would be repeated or approached in the second. But courage is a virtue, and so Messrs. Jones, Collins, Strathy, and Cameron were disposed of for a total of 12 runs, and the bravado of the School promised to carry it through until Messrs. Goldingham and McMurtry got together, making 35 not out and 11 not out respectively. I think it would have been wiser had the School finished its second innings, content to lose on the first by 4 runs, and getting glory by putting up a good total in the second. Baldwin (14 not out) and one of the McGregors (7 not out) were batting merrily when the innings was closed, and the score might have been carried to 130. But in that case we should have missed a unique display of courage.

Mr. W. E. Dean has arrived home from McGill, and contributes greatly to the strength of Parkdale. He relieves Leigh of the wickets and adds the ex-pro to the bowling forces of the club. On Saturday, against North Toronto, Dean scored 50 runs at the rate of two per minute, and kept wicket superbly. It was not C. Leigh who played in that game, but A. Leigh, his brother, recently arrived in Canada. Mr. Stirling made next highest score, 39, and in bowling secured 9 wickets for 10 runs. The other double figures were Sim Chambers, 20; A. G. Chambers, 16, and J. T. Clark, 10. None of the opposing side secured doubles, and were beaten 108 for 9 wickets to 38.

Hamilton again showed its prowess by defeating Rosedale at cricket last Saturday. Mr. Gillespie distinguished himself by scoring 45 and 14 not out. Playing against the Fort on Saturday J. M. Laing made 30 and W. R. Wadsworth 18, while H. H. Loosmore put up 39.

Contrary to expectation the Bishop Ridley cricketers defeated Upper Canada, and it is safe to say that there is great rejoicing among the boys across the lake. When Ridley met Trinity school I said that none of the schools had made such progress in recent years as Ridley, but I had no idea that it could win a game from Upper Canada. The schools only meet once a year and so Upper Canada will not have a chance to seek revenge until next season.

To the enterprise of some of the Trinity University men belongs the credit of bringing off the international intercollegiate cricket match, played on the Trinity campus Wednesday and Thursday of this week. I happen to know how hopeless appeared the chance, a few

weeks ago, of having the game played this year, and it certainly would not have been played had not Trinity come forward and offered to accept the whole financial risk and social responsibility of the match. If the game had gone by default this year it would scarcely have been revived in '97, and so this interesting annual contest would have been abandoned before it had been well begun. Varsity has not played cricket this year, a fact that causes regret and apprehension among the old boys; McGill and the local universities are too far apart to hold much intercourse, and so Trinity had to go into the venture practically alone or see it fail. At time of writing I cannot give the results of the game but will treat of it next week.

THE UMPIRE.

His Style Was Abrupt.

From the Washington Evening Star.

"Epigrammatic sentences are interesting, but there is such a thing as being too strongly epigrammatic," said R. F. Barnett of Louisville.

"I was going into Louisville from Memphis. On the train was a white-haired old lady, with whom chance drew me into conversation. We became quite friendly, and she told me that she was going to visit her son, whom she had not seen for two or three years. He had written a few weeks before, asking her to visit him at Louisville, naming a certain hotel. She arranged her affairs as quickly as possible and went. At the depot she was greatly disappointed not to meet her son, and I accompanied her to the hotel, it being the one I was in the habit of patronizing. I took her to the parlor and volunteered to find her son. The clerk had not seen him, but gave me a letter for the lady. As soon as she had read the first line she fainted, and I hurriedly sent for a physician, picking up the letter. The first paragraph was:

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I am now in the penitentiary." I was shocked, but read further. The next paragraph said: "I have a good position with the contractors, and it is impossible to get away. Come on to Frankfort. I have already rented a house for us to live in."

"It took us three hours to bring the mother to consciousness."

Joan of Arc's Coat of Mail.

London Figaro.

A discovery has been just made of a relic which, should it prove genuine, will be a national object of veneration to the French. It is, says a Paris correspondent, the armor given by Charles VII. at Bourges to Joan of Arc. He ordered it to be made for her during the siege of Orleans. The armor has long hung in the hall of the Chateau de la Tour de Pinon in the Alsace along with other suits of armor. They were bought by the father of the present owner, the Marquis de Courval. He had a taste for Gothic architecture, built the hall and furnished it in 1840 like a fifteenth century armory. Nobody suspected that Joan of Arc's coat of mail was among the antiquities that he bought. It bears the arms that Charles VII. granted her, matches with the descriptions handed down to us, and would be a fit for a girl of five feet three inches.

Truth's Fables Up to Date.

Truth.

An immoral show and a Sunday paper one day engaged in a dispute as to which did greater damage. As a result of the controversy the Sunday paper attacked the immoral show and thereby caused thousands of people to go to see how bad it really was. A sensational minister about that time attacked the Sunday paper and its circulation increased amazingly, so that the free advertising it gave the immoral show was still more valuable.

MORAL.

They were three of a kind—and a bad kind.

A Sunset Sail.

For Saturday Night.

Oh ya-hi, that wing-spread on the broad blue brim
Stands pictur'd there;
Poised, dove-like, in the distant haze-wreath's dim,
So frail and fair;
Snow-sketch'd upon the crimson sunset sea,
That bubbling crucible of brilliancy,
Burning beneath thy bird-like buoyancy
Its rubies rare!

I would my spirit, when life's day declines,
So take its flight,
Across death's dream-drap'd waters, while still shines
Enough dear light

To tint the ripples of the dark unknown,
That mist-murk'd barrier so wide and lone,
Until her weary, fragile wings have flown
Beyond the night.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

Phyllida on Her Wheel.

Truth.

When I was but a lad,
Long ago,
This simple lore I had,
Don't you know,
That every maiden fair
Was an angel unaware,
And I wondered when and where
The wings would grow.

But wiser now am I,
A good deal,
Though I've sometimes seen them fly,
Yet I feel
They are something just between
Man and angel in their mien
Since my Phyllida I've seen
On her wheel.

She does not show a sign
Of a wing,
But her figure is divine,
And the fling
Of her abbreviated gown,
As she flickers through the town,
Might buy the throne and crown
Of a king.

No halo of a saint
Does she wear,
Such as Lippe loved to paint,
But her hair
As when all heaven streams
Through the landscape of my dreams—
In such glory floats and gleams
On the air.

But not all for heaven she—
Not too good!
Yet she's good enough for me
In any mood,
And if her dashing wheel
Took her even to the devil
Thither, too, I'd gently steal—
Yes, I would!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

A Bicycle Ballad.

Truth.

Oh, the sailor sings of the sounding sea,
And the shriek of the surging gale;
The soldier sings of his gallantry
And of wars where he did not quail;
The cobbler sings as he fits the last
With a tap, tap, tap, tap, tap,
But the biking chap as he's fitting past,
Oh, he sings as he swings his cap—

I'm a biking chap, a biking chap, with a swift and silent steed;
I'm never behind, oh, where will you find such ease combined with speed?
My bell I ring, with a ding, ding, ding, so harm may never hap;
With a whirr and flash along I dash, a jubilant biking chap.

Oh, the robin chirps in the cherry tree,
And blinks in a wondering way;
The chipmunk scurrying hastily
Stops short in dire dismay;
The cattle stare at the weirdsome sight,
Surprised, their ears they flap—
While the zephyr croons to the blossoms bright
The song of the biking chap—

I'm a biking chap, a biking chap, with a swift and silent steed;
I'm never behind, oh, where will you find such ease combined with speed?
My bell I ring, with a ding, ding, ding, so harm may never hap;
With a whirr and flash along I dash, a jubilant biking chap.

Oh, it's hey for the nut-brown maid one meets
At the cool of the summer day;
Oh, it's hey for the smile with which she greets
Your nod as you pass her way;
Oh, it's hey for the gold of the sunset sky
And the cricket's cheery strain;
For the katydid's eccentric cry,
And the wheelman's blithe refrain—

I'm a biking chap, a biking chap, with a swift and silent steed;
I'm never behind, oh, where will you find such ease combined with speed?
My bell I ring, with a ding, ding, ding, so harm may never hap;
With a whirr and flash along I dash, a jubilant biking chap.

T. L. SAPPINGTON.

The Lay of the Grolierite.

Scribner's.

The love of maids, the love of maids,
'Tis sunshine when they smile;
But if they frown, how black the shades
Which shroud my heart the while.

The maids I love, the maids I love,
How pride doth hedge them in!
They hold their favor far above
My humble wit to win.

The maids I love, the maids I love,
Who'er would win such prize
Had need be harmless as the dove,
And, as the serpent, wise.

So not for me is love of maids,
Be they or kind or cold;
The love of maids, 'tis not for me,
Though I be young or old.

The love of books, the love of books,
It passeth love of maids;
It doth not fade with fading looks
Like love of them,—the jades!

The books I love, the books I love,
A gracious proffer make;
They hold a hoard of joys, whereof
They bid me freely take.

The books I love, the books I love,
They spread their welcome wide;
Not I alone may take thereof,
But all the world beside.

W. D. ELLWANGER.

Peter's Wife.

Chicago Record.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her,
He hid her bloomers, bike, and bell,
And then he kept her very well.

Artist and Environment.

POSSING for his picture—for the picture—leaning back in his little chair, absently following the careless flight of a butterfly, reclined the model—a delicately pretty boy, with pink-flushed skin, and sweet blue eyes, a great crop of soft, loose curls straying over his forehead like a happy company of strolling sunbeams. A bit of a philosopher he was, full of an odd acceptance of the tangibly material nature of his environment, yet with his child-mind wonder-touched and introspective.

And the very apple of his sister's eye, her heart of hearts and sacred legacy, for the two were orphans. But so comprehensive was the sister's great love in its strength and tenderness the odd dreamer missed neither father, mother, best friend nor counsellor—returning the love in the responsive readiness of his childhood, tenderness for tenderness, measure for measure.

It needed love and the consciousness of being loved—the struggle—for they were extremely poor, and though the scramble was none the less a valiant one in that it was made in a cheerful spirit, the difficulties were present and very actual, the hoped-for results veiled and far away.

Poverty lies lightly upon the spirit-freedom of a cherished childhood. Kilts came, sailor blouses and things to eat even as the sunshine came and night and morning, but the manner of their coming was many times a problem to the sister.

If she could only do one really good thing, something that would start them, give them a breathing space—and then the child gave promise of so much that was worth the cultivating, that must be cultivated. But how? What? It was hard, hard to think, hard to do. How shabby their clothes were growing despite her persevering mending; how shabby it all was—the miserable little boarding-house bedroom; how lax her energy and inspiration; even her very dreams were growing shabby! Then she was seized with a forlorn hope of making a study of the child for the coming exhibition.

"How high does the air go?" asked the model dreamily when the butterfly had quite disappeared behind the blue.

"A long way," replied his sister briefly.

"All the way!" demanded the persistent model.

A faint sound as of a questioning snore seemed to float in a gentle spiral from the hammock under the apple-trees.

The sister started.

"A long way," she repeated, painting vigorously.

"After that it's heaven I suppose," mused the model. "Is it heaven?" he queried, with a little wrinkle of his forehead, rising and leaning over on his sister's shoulder.

Something in the delicate face so near her own made the artist drop her brush and kiss the sweet face tenderly and closely. "We'll think about it and talk it over when we go to bed to-night," she answered quickly. "Now run, dear, and get your mermaids or your scissors."

As he disappeared the fountain of the snore disclosed itself. A very young man, pink and plump, who, disengaging himself from the hammock, dragged with his awkwardly bandaged foot over the grass to the garden-chair beside the easel.

"Wouldn't you like to paint my countenance?" he murmured sweetly, bringing that somewhat indefinite expanse within the artist's line of vision. "You can't really expect to paint a—creature, you know."

No reply but the patter of leaves and the delicate swish of brushes.

"Is it because I'm not classic enough?" continued the snorer in an aggrieved monotone; "because I am, you know. Don't I LOVE—the actual?" fervently. "Beauty—for beauty's sake? Art for art's sake? Life as it is now, this minute, without any confounded analyzing of the detestable, insidious, lurking moral of the modern day? You know I do."

Continued silence, only the clear sweet call of a robin among the blossoms.

"Won't you marry me?" ruefully.

"No," cried the girl curtly, too tired and sore at heart for badinage, tears all too near the surface to bear the tenderest touch with safety.

The rejected suitor calmly took out his pocket-book, adding to the already long list of dated items: "May 19. Nineteen times."

The girl turned fiercely, but with a sudden change of face and manner dimpled down, exclaiming innocently: "Why, if here isn't the Professor coming!"

"The Professor he diddle!" growled the pink young man, spattering with epithets the pinky May morning as he limped sulkily back to his hammock.

It was an aggravating hammock. The meshes were ample; large enough to admit a generous view of that "ass of a stitched-up whaleboned idiot" talking softly to the artist, "criticizing evidently, confound his impudence," from the look of the anxious, devouring blue eyes roving alternately from the Professor's dark face to the canvas on the easel.

"Mollie," cried the model, who was sitting near the hammock cutting paper, "come! Quickly!"

The tone was imperative; the artist flew hastily, followed by the Professor.

"Look," cried the excited child, "do look at this queer little chick or something, see, right there on the bark of that tree," where a belated swallow-fledgling, bereft of the cool and sooty twilight of his chimney, was squawking, scrambling and flapping his wings like an inebrate bat. "What is it, Mr. Davis? Do tell us," cried the sister eagerly.

"Take care," roared the incensed young man, rising slightly from the hammock; "it will fly in your face directly. It got into the third floor's draperies this morning, and maybe there wasn't a scene with the little beast," and glaring fiercely at the carefully inquisitive Professor the rosy young man sought his pillow again.

"What is it, Mr. Davis?" repeated the artist curiously. "You know all about these things. Tell Freddy, won't you?"

"A zoologist of wide views," began the Professor with a pleased cough, "while not overlooking local variations will regard the swallow of all countries as a single species."

The swallow is a trustful bird. So trustful," continued the Professor, with a gently accusative glance at the emphatic person in the hammock, "that it generally establishes itself in any of men's works that will supply an accommodation; a shed, barn, chimney, empty room, to say nothing of extraordinary positions, may be its place of choice."

"Jupiter Ammon!" shouted the Professor, taken unexpectedly as the swallow in particular faced suddenly and with a fiendish squawk disappeared up the leg of the Professor's immaculate broadcloths.

"Oh, I say, Potter—Hi—Yi!" yelled the surprised and flushed "accommodator," as, grasping his knee violently with both hands, spurred by the occasion and the claws of the whole apparent species, he improvised a skirt-dance that would have reflected glory upon a Taglioni. "P—Potter—P—Pott—Oh—Ah!—Great Scott!" Here the unfortunate Davis became so hopelessly entangled in the convolutions of his "can-can" as to trip and roll indiscriminately down the bank into the ravine skirting the garden, the swallow skimming aloft once more as the mass disappeared from view.

"Oh, my gracious me," sighed the exhausted Potter, semi-erect, with legs dangling from the hammock. "Oh, my gracious me! That exceeds infinitely the Miller's handboxes and petticoats."

"What a shame! I think you might have helped him, Mr. Potter," cried the artist tremulously. "Oh, the unfortunate imbecile!" she echoed in a fresh flutter of irresistible laughter as she discreetly if ignominiously fled.

"Did you hear?" said Mr. Potter persuasively, to the robin in the tree above him. "Imbecile!—Im-be-cile! Did you hear? I'd like to put that interesting swallow in a glass case."

"That will do, dear," said the sister later in the afternoon. As the model ran away she stood before the finished picture, drooping, with folded hands. Mr. Potter, confined to the garden by his wounded foot, had just moved to adjust the easel in a better light. The artist, full of the secret bitterness of the morning's criticism, had brooded over it in her tired, dispirited mood till the faults seemed to frown and gibe at her from the canvas, and her heart failed. Without warning, she dropped her face in her hands and burst into tears.

The man beside her was not a connoisseur in art; but his more impressionable nature, though blind to foreshortenings and reflected lights, was quick to feel the mystery, half-trust, half-wonder, that looked from the painted eyes even as from the eyes of the living child.

Troubled greatly at her grief, he bent, saying earnestly if awkwardly: "Won't you marry me and stop worrying?"

"How dare you," she cried stormily, "tempt me in a weak moment? You know I don't love you," stamping indignantly upon the grass.

"Never—never—not if I have to scrub," bursting into tears afresh; "and I shall have to, it's what I've told myself all through, if this failed—and it has. It isn't only one failure—it's the thing, the life, the impossibility; you don't understand the hauntingness of it all; the look of the light on the leaves, and their tremble, and the hills, and the distance, and the contrasts and the harmonies, and the humanity of it, and the indefinable feeling in and under and over that never can be described—never—never. To lose that—a fresh outbreak of sobbed choked articulation."

"Of course if you don't love me," said the young man, very pale, "you don't, that's all, but you're judging hastily. I can't paint, certainly, but I'm not a bat, you know," a little warmly. "Perhaps," grimly, "I can measure distances equally with you. At all events," firmly, "I love you dearer than my life—and—hopelessly."

"It's all right," he continued hurriedly, after a moment's pause; "at least, I mean, I'm not going to be a nuisance. If," he hesitated, flushing uncomfortably, "if you don't really care for this," touching the canvas, "will you give it to me for the boy's sake, and—here—"

Mr. Potter turned his back, looked over the garden-wall and continued looking, speechless.

"I'm treating you badly," wailed the girl, choked with her tears; "take it, please do, but you don't understand and I can't make you."

The barometer of the boarding-house registered low the following fortnight; the depressed artist, the despondent Potter, and the Professor grown nervous and given to starts at fluttering noises, confining themselves to their rooms while the rain lasted.

With the sun appeared the garden in new and delicate transformation of tossing and perfumed lilacs. Under the lilacs, Mr. Potter—not to view the glory of the golden evening, to inhale the seductive breath of palpitating

blossoms, but to sit with bandaged foot regrettably dangling, head bunched up in the *Evening Journal*.

"Mr. Potter, is this true?" cried the artist breathlessly, dashing beneath the lilacs.

No reply but the rhythmic sway of plump blooms and the crackling of a newspaper.

"Read it," she cried ruthlessly, thrusting a second paper into his hand.

Continued silence—only the plaint of a yearning frog in a wayside pond lamenting.

"I don't want to read it," rudely trampling the offending *Journal*. "Yes, you're accepted, and you've won the medal, and your picture's sold."

"Oh, Mr. Potter," she cried, her cheeks burning, her eyes shining, "you did know—you could do that—and I—but it's yours, your own, it's not sold," blazing defiantly again.

"Surely money is a small matter—" Mr. Potter stopped short, leaning upon the arm of the seat as if in pain.

The artist looked up quickly, her woman's heart illumined. Scattering the *Journal* to the winds she walked deliberately to him, put her arms about his neck and bent her face to his.

For an instant the pink cheek of Mr. Potter became pinker. Taken aback, the astounded young man lost his wits, and worse, his twenty-first and crowning opportunity. When he recovered himself and wits he was alone.

"Oh, is it you, Mr. Potter?" cried the model, emerging *cis-a-ris* upon the garden-wall. "I thought I heard my sister. Is your foot worse, Mr. Potter?" anxiously. "You look asturbed."

"Creature," answered Mr. Potter solemnly and fervently, "I FEEL asturbed."

Arnprior, Ont. IDA BURWASH.

London Ladies' Letter.

LONDON, June 12, 1896.

SOCIETY displays extra anxiety in the health of the Queen. That is but natural and loyal, but if it implies the suspicion that her Majesty is not quite herself, that would be a great error. She is not only as well, but better than many ladies of her age. Of course she suffers from stiff joints and feels the effects of sultry weather; these drawbacks are alleviated as much as art can do. Balmoral does more with its cool and bracing air for the Queen than the whole faculty of medicine. Quietness and freedom from ceremonial life are the recuperative agents for her age and its inevitable accompaniments.

No change has been made in the arrangements for the wedding of the Princess Maud of Wales, with Prince Charles of Denmark. It will partake largely of a family party, as far as the distinguished guests could afford to make it. It will keep as closely as possible to the lines of the ceremony of the marriage of the

Sing a Song of Bloomers.



Sing a song of bloomers out for a ride
With four and twenty bad boys running at her side,
While the maid was coasting the boys began to sing
"Get on to her shape, you know," and all that sort of thing.

Duke of York. When passing through Paris, the Princess of Wales left some orders with tradesmen for contributions to the trousseau of the *fiancée*, notably in the matter of boots and shoes and some articles of jewelry. The *corbeille de mariage* of the Princess is not only full but overflowing with gifts. That is as it should be.

The Ranelagh Cycling Club has had the happy idea of creating fresh bicycle sports for ladies. Contrary to the past, the new recreations will not be limited to "professionals." The competitors must, however, be members of the club, or be selected by a sub-committee. Many wheelwomen will thus have an opportunity of performing several tricks and feats which expert equestrians execute on horses.

Thus, there will be the "needle race," where ladies will, after cycling a hundred yards, dismount, thread a needle at a table, return to the winning post, following the marked-out course, holding the needle in their hands. Another feat will consist in riding one bicycle while leading another. "Bill-posting" races will be also general; competitors will have to ride fifty yards, post a bill on a prepared hoarding, mount, and ride one hundred and fifty yards back to the winning post. Carefulness and neatness in posting will increase the claim to the prize. The "egg and spoon" race, an old acquaintance and so not to be forgotten, will be run over a course of a hundred yards; the lady cyclists will ride with one hand and hold the egg in the spoon in the other.

Perhaps the most original of the above races will be the linking together of two racers by the hand while riding over the course.

Ladies of rank continue to pay willingly a good price for pet dogs. Of course, cost varies according to breed and depth of affection. Pug dogs fetch twenty to thirty guineas; a small thoroughbred of the same race, forty guineas. Lady Russell once possessed a famous pug of the name of Lion; she prized the animal so much that she refused an offer of one hundred and sixty guineas for it. Fox terriers are still quoted at a high figure; little Yorkshire terriers will readily find purchasers at £20. The most fashionable "darlings" just now in demand are bulldogs and black Pomeranians; the former can command eighty guineas, and that price was recently paid by a nabob to simply humor his children's fancy.

Bulldog puppies just weaned sell easily in the market at six and seven guineas each. Black Pomeranians, chiefly patronized by carriage folks, can be had for thirty to one hundred guineas. Poodles are discounted at forty pounds because no longer *a la mode*. Japanese spaniels resembling the King Charles, only much smaller and black and white in color, are greatly in favor; a pair of such pups will find buyers at one hundred and thirty guineas; a grown-up dog of this breed costs £100. The Countess of Warwick is said to possess the finest collection of Japanese spaniels.

The Prince of Wales continues to feel very proud of his Derby success, and if on the Epsom field the joy of the crowd assumed the form of a manifestation of loyalty, that feeling has since spread throughout the country. The victory of the Royal colors is the more welcomed by the fair sex because it has been won after twenty years of unsuccess. His Royal Highness never gave up, and his perseverance has been rewarded. Henceforth ladies will not hesitate to stake gloves on every horse the Prince enters for a race. As he said in his speech when opening, a few days ago, the Industrial Exhibition in the East of London, in reply to an allusion in the address to his victory, he felt the delight peculiar to all Englishmen, that of succeeding in what they had undertaken, and in his case he had bred the horse himself.

The fashionable colors are shades of cherry and Nile green, with a tendency to associate brightness with all light materials. White is of course not discarded, but its monotony is generally relieved by black. It is an error to employ white for the now much worn waist belt; white rather creates the idea of volume, black the contrary, hence the importance of the latter for ribbon waist belts. We are not so forcibly struck with white in bonnet strings and gloves as in other parts of the toilette. Grass lawns are much worn over colored silk, and produce a pleasing effect; light-colored dresses are trimmed with velvet and velvet, which impart richness to the toilette. The grass lawn material has become so cheap, and the richer varieties are so well imitated, that it is not likely to remain much longer a favorite dress material. To secure contrast it is best to purchase those lawns embroidered with colored silk. Some of the handsomest dressed ladies appear wholly in black, though not in mourning. Black

is always respectable and harmonizes well. This is witnessed in its many combinations with rose and white tissues. In the ribbon belts now so popular, the ribbon must be three inches wide and encircle the waist three times. It has no ends, but a terminating knot. There is no change in the width of gowns, but the tendency of sleeves is to be less and less voluminous, fulness being secured by a series of ribbon combinations. The little Bolero jacket, better known as the Eton, continues to be in vogue. There can be no difficulty in the choice of material in which to make it, but lace or guipure over a silk will ever be successful. Hats are not so large, but their ornamentations are gigantic above; below are festoons upon festoons of flowers, where roses predominate; then come feathers, three in number, with a fourth behind overtopping all, forming an aigrette like a lightning conductor. Cycling ladies have at least a "rational dress hat" in straw, with the top in black-colored glaze.

MODISTE.

Box Number Twelve.

Argonaut.

In the personal column of a daily paper there appeared one day this seductive announcement:

A GENTLEMAN WHO IS GUARDIAN OF A young orphan lady twenty years of age, very pretty, very stylish, and with a fortune of two millions, desires to marry his ward to a distinguished-looking gentleman between twenty-five and forty-five years of age. His fortune is no object. Address W. 37, office of this journal. No agents need apply.

It is useless to say that immediately on the appearance of this announcement letters poured in upon the W. 37 box at the office of the daily paper in such quantities that one weary clerk was specially detailed to empty the box and put them into a large bag. The first two days more than five hundred letters came.

Some days afterward, one of the five hundred, Captain Castle, received the following letter:

My DEAR SIR.—The particulars that you have taken the trouble to furnish me concerning your social position, etc., satisfy me completely. As to the wishes of my ward, I shall only say that the sight of your photograph has seemed to give her no disappointment—very much to the contrary. Therefore I have determined to bring about an interview between you and her. Will you therefore make it convenient to go next Wednesday, the fifteenth of this month, to the Folly Theater, wearing a white rose in your button-hole? My ward and I will occupy Box Number Twelve, and we shall be charmed to receive you between the first and second acts.

Very truly yours, W. 37.

Captain Castle shot out of his chair as if impelled by a spring, and did not pause until he had reached the ticket-office of the Folly Theater.

"Give me an orchestra-chair," he demanded of the box-office keeper.

"For to-day?"

"No; for the fifteenth."

"None left."

"What's that?"

"The whole house is sold out for that day."

Captain Castle insisted, but in vain. The countenance of the ticket-seller did not soften, and he finally pulled down his wicket and turned again to his daily paper, while Captain Castle walked out of the lobby, much cast down.

As he stopped on the sidewalk, a shabby-genteel individual with a shocking bad hat approached him.

"Want an orchestra seat, mister?"

"Go to the devil."

"I got a good seat for Wednesday, the fifteenth."

"What's that?"

The shabby-genteel individual walked invitingly toward a neighboring saloon, and Captain Castle, with a gleam of hope in his eye, followed him.

"It's a good seat, mister, in the first row."

"I'll take it. How much?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"Great snakes," said the captain, "do you want to rob a man?"

"You can't have it for a cent less," said the ticket-peddler; "the whole house is sold."

The captain made a wry face, but he wound up by paying the money.

The evening of Wednesday, the fifteenth, was one of the most notable in the annals of the Folly Theater. The auditorium was packed like a Market street car, and the orchestra was thickly populated with gentlemen in swallow-tailed coats, each one wearing a white rose in his button-hole. Every box was filled, with one exception—Box Number Twelve.

Between the acts the swallow-tailed gentlemen swarmed through the lobbies, but it was particularly around the door of Box Number Twelve that they were thickest. It was like a human ant-hill.

The second act commenced. Yet Box Number Twelve remained hermetically closed, full of nothing but air. And yet toward this box there were cast anxious glances ever and anon from the well-dressed crowd in the orchestra.

While all this was going on in the theater a band of actors were seated around a table in a beersaloon at the back of the theater, swallowing mountains of frankfurter and sauerkraut, and washing it down with gallons of beer. At the head of them was old Bagot, the Dutch Comique, who was presiding in the most paternal manner over this feast. It was Bagot for whose benefit the show was given that night.

"Eat all you want, boys," said he. "Drink all you want. Old Bagot has money to burn to-night."

"You bet your sweet life you have," replied one of the actors. "Why, such a benefit as this will enable you to retire on your money."

At this moment, Miss Tottie, the Parlor Patti, who had just finished her turn in the second part, burst into the beer saloon, pale and disheveled.

"What's the matter?" cried the convivial band.

"Oh, it is terrible," said the Parlor Patti. "They are fighting in the orchestra."

"Fighting? Who?"

"Oh, all those swells in swallow-tails. They are beating one another over the head with canes, and nobody knows why."

"I know why," said old Bagot tranquilly. "It's all on account of Box Number Twelve."

"But there is nobody in Box Number Twelve," said the paralyzed Parlor Patti.

"Exactly. That's why."

And old Bagot added, as he slowly snapped one eye: "Box Number Twelve is a little snap of my own. I wanted to be sure that the theater should be filled, and, by Jove, it is."

Such was indeed the bitter truth—bitter, that is, for the band of swallow-tailed gentlemen. The letter which Captain Castle had received they all had received. It was not a letter. It was a circular.

H.

San Francisco, June, 1896.

All the Ingredients.



Mr. Smart—Stiffly and Miss Auburn would make a beautiful match.
Miss Burn—How is that?
Mr. Stiffly—She's red-headed and he's a stick.

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Anecdotal.

An admirer of Rossini sent the composer at
 Christmas-time a fine Stilton cheese and an
 oratorio which the donor had recently composed.
 In a laconic letter of thanks Rossini wrote:
 "A thousand thanks! I like the cheese very
 much."

A good story is told of Sir Wilfred Lawson,
 whose temperance tendencies are well known
 throughout England. At a school in the North
 of England the master gave the children a long
 disquisition on the steam engine, and when
 they felt they had understood him, he asked,
 "What is it that does the work of forty horses,
 and drinks nothing but water?" And they all
 answered, "Sir Wilfred Lawson!"

Doyle and Yelverton, two eminent members
 of the Irish Bar, quarreled one day so violently
 that from hard words they came to hard blows.
 Doyle, a powerful man at the fists, knocked
 down Yelverton twice, vehemently exclaiming,
 "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself
 like a gentleman!" To which Yelverton, rising,
 replied with equal indignation, "No, sir;
 never; I defy you. You could not do it!"

Mr. Edison has only once tried to make a
 speech. It was before a girls' seminary, where
 he had agreed to lecture on electricity. He had
 engaged a friend named Adams to operate the
 apparatus while he talked; but when the
 "Wizard" arose before his audience, he felt
 so dazed that he simply said: "Ladies, Mr.
 Adams will now address you on electricity, and
 I will demonstrate what he has to say with the
 apparatus."

Lord Dargan, before departing for India, be-
 thought him of an old historic ruin which stood
 on his estate. Summoning his steward, Dan
 Mulligan, he showed him with his stick where
 he wanted a protecting wall built around the
 ruin. On returning, the first thing he did was
 to look for his castle, but it was gone. Finding
 his steward, he asked him where the castle
 was. Dan said: "Sure, an' that ould thing—
 why, I pulled it down to build the wall wi'."

Apropos of Ambassador Bayard's habit of
 monopolizing conversation while at dinners,
 receptions, or in official intercourse, a writer in
 the New York Tribune relates that at a certain
 dinner-party in Washington, Mr. Bayard enter-
 tained the company with his views on the variety
 of subjects, including Japan. One of the guests
 was a member of the Japanese legation. After
 listening to Mr. Bayard's wordy discourse on
 Japan as long as he could, the artless young
 Japanese, turning to his fair neighbor at the
 table, remarked: "What a wonderful man is
 your Secretary of State. He seems to know
 something about everything—except Japan!"

James Shields was elected to the Senate in
 1848, defeating his predecessor, Senator Breese.
 Shields had distinguished himself in the Mexi-
 can War, and at the Battle of Cerro Gordo he
 was shot through the lungs, the ball passing
 out at his back. His recovery was one of the
 marvels of the day. Shields' war record is
 believed to have secured to him his triumph
 over Breese. When the news of Shields' elec-
 tion was received, a lawyer named Butterfield
 was speaking of it to a group of friends, when
 one of them remarked: "It was that Mexican
 bullet that did the business." "Yes," retorted
 Butterfield, "that was a great shot. The ball
 went clear through Shields without hurting him,
 and killed Breese one thousand miles away."

There is told the following story of President
 Kruger. In 1889 some Uitlanders went as a
 deputation to him to explain that the price of
 shares in mines was going down, and they
 hinted that he was responsible for it. He re-
 plied: "Some years ago I had a favorite mon-
 key, for which I had a great affection. One day
 I went out for an excursion into a wood with
 my monkey. It was cold, so the monkey and I
 made a fire. In that fire the monkey burnt his
 tail, on which he turned on me and bit me. I
 said to him, 'My dear monkey, I made a fire
 with you to warm us; you burnt your tail in
 it—that was your fault, and I really do not see
 why you should be angry with me.'" Having
 related this fable, the President snuffed his
 pipe and left the deputation to draw the moral.

There are some good stories in Baron Fer-

dinand de Rothschild's book. One is of the Due
 de Richelieu. He showed a little concern
 about the conduct of the ladies to whom
 he was married, as he expected them to
 show for his own conduct. Happening on one
 occasion to find his wife conversing rather
 familiarly with his equerry, "Fancy, Madame,"
 he calmly said, "how awkward you would have
 felt had anyone else but myself come into the
 room." When this lady died he wooed the daugh-
 ter of the Prince de Guise. The engagement was
 still a secret when the same equerry, believing
 that Richelieu had time to forgive him, called
 and begged the Marshal to take him back into
 his service. "How did you know," asked
 Richelieu, "that I was going to get married
 again?"

Mr. Frankfort Moore, at the annual dinner of
 the New Vagabonds' Club in London, told of
 an author who called at a big publishing house
 with a new novel, the best thing he had ever
 written. "We'll be delighted to have it," said
 the publisher, "providing, of course, it's up to
 date." "I should rather think it was up to
 date," replied the author. "It contains two
 problems and a wife who confesses all on the
 day of her marriage." The publisher's eyes
 glistened, but as he began turning over the
 pages of the typescript his face lengthened.
 "Great heavens," he said, "it's written in
 English. I thought you said it was up to date."
 "What's the matter?" exclaimed the author.
 The publisher looked at him in an amazed way.
 "My dear sir," he said, "are you really serious
 in asking me to publish a novel that is not
 written in a Scottish dialect? Take it away."

Another Great Triumph.

The Bowmanville News Interviews Mr. John
 Hawkins.

And is Given Particulars of a Nine Years' Suffer-
 ing From Asthma, From Which He Has Been
 Restored to Health When His Case Was
 Looked On as Hopeless.

From the News, Bowmanville.
 During the past five years the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have developed into a household word, and from several cases that have come under our personal observation, there is not the least doubt in our minds but that they are a boon to mankind, and in scores of instances have saved life, when everything else had failed. The cure of Mr. Sharp, whose case we published some time ago, was one of the most remarkable that we have heard of. To-day he is as well as ever he was in his life, and is daily knocking about in all weathers attending to his farm duties. Recently another triumph for Pink Pills came under our observation, and, after interviewing the person cured, he gave permission to make the facts public, and will give the story in his own words. Mr. John



Hawkins, who resides in the township of Dar-
 lington, some ten miles north of Bowmanville,
 and whose postoffice is Enniskillen, came to the
 county from Cornwall, England, some 45
 years ago, and up to the time of his sickness
 had always been a hard-working man. One
 day, however, while attending his work, he got
 wet, took a chill and a severe cold followed,
 which finally developed to asthma. During
 the succeeding nine years he was a terrible
 sufferer from that distressing disease and
 gradually grew so bad that he could not work,
 frequently spent sleepless nights, and had little
 or no appetite. Finally he could scarcely walk
 across the room without panting for breath,
 and would sit all day with his elbows resting
 on his knees—the only position which seemed
 to give him ease, and at one time he never laid
 down for six weeks. As it was a hardship for
 him to talk, all he asked was to be let alone.
 During this time he had been doctoring and
 had tried nearly everything, and had spent
 over \$100, but got no relief. Finally some one
 recommended him to take Pink Pills. He
 thought they could do him no harm at any rate,
 and procuring a supply he commenced taking
 them. After he had taken three boxes he found
 that he was improving, and after taking two
 more boxes, to the astonishment of all, he
 walked across the field to the woods and
 cut up a cord of wood. He continued the
 pills and took two more boxes, making
 seven in all, and to-day is as well as ever
 he was, but always keeps a box of Pink Pills
 in the house. The neighbors all began to ask
 him what he had done, as the asthma had left
 him, and they never expected to hear of him
 being well again. To one and all he tells that
 it was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that did it, and
 has recommended them to scores of people since
 his recovery.

With such wonderful cures as these occurring
 in all parts of the Dominion it is no wonder
 that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have achieved a
 greater reputation than any other known medi-
 cine. All that is asked for them is a fair trial
 and the results are rarely disappointing.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of
 the disease, driving it from the system and
 restoring the patient to health and strength. In
 cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor
 ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofu-
 lous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to
 all other treatment. They are also a specific
 for the troubles which make the lives of so
 many women a burden, and speedily restore
 the rich glow of health to pale and sallow
 cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry
 or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain
 cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post-
 paid at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by ad-
 dressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Company,
 Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware
 of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just
 as good."

Had No Temptations.



Brown—George Washington was a wonderful man. He never told a lie.
 Smith—Well, I guess he never ran a summer hotel.

The Gentleman Hangman.

London Star.

THE greatest surprise of my life
 came on the last day of it. I was
 hanged in the pleasantest possible
 manner, and by a gentleman, too.
 I was naturally a little crest-
 fallen on the morning of our
 introduction. The events of the
 previous three weeks had affected my usual
 high spirits, and I must own that I had not
 anticipated the meeting with pleasure. I
 should have preferred an indefinite postpone-
 ment. Experience teaches us many things—
 among others, how agreeable a hangman can be.

The Governor introduced us. "This is your
 client, my lord," he said, and immediately I
 found myself the object of a graceful saluta-
 tion from the gentleman who accompanied
 him. This gentleman bore the unquestionable
 mark of the aristocrat. There was something
 of the eagle in his Roman nose. His flawless
 hat, when he lifted it, disclosed a forehead that
 reelected in a fashion denoting long ancestry.
 The fit of his coat was perfect; his collar a
 masterpiece, with an agreeable suggestion of
 art in the fold of his necktie. I could not fail
 to observe that his presence gave an air of
 distinction to my apartment.

"Do my ears deceive me?" I asked of the
 Governor. "Have I the honor to address a
 peer?"

The gentleman to whom this question referred,
 himself replied, with a disclaiming gesture:

"The honor is mine, I am sure."

"You are extremely kind," I replied, unable
 to conceal my gratification. "I expected a
 visitor, but—"

My new acquaintance laughed. "No com-
 pliments, please. I represent a new era in
 officialdom."

"How interesting! Can I induce you to go
 a little more into detail? But perhaps you are
 pressed for time?"

"Don't mention it," said the newcomer, with
 charming suavity. "Pray regard my time as
 your own, and you will, I am sure, pardon any
 little personal inconvenience I may cause you
 during our interview." This referred, I after-
 wards learned, to a slight addition to my cos-
 tume, which restricted the freedom of my arms,
 but the charm of my new friend's conversation
 blinded me to the circumstances.

"We have all to make our little sacrifice for
 society," he said. "The old plan was to carry
 these sacrifices out by the grim method with-
 out a single condition to lessen their dis-
 advantages or reduce their discomforts. I am
 the instrument of the gracious method. For
 instance—straighten your right arm please,
 thanks, so much—there are occasions when
 the exhaustion of nature has to be slightly
 anticipated. The old way was to make that
 necessity a cause of uneasiness, if not of dis-
 tress, to the person concerned."

"I see; how very inconsiderate!"

"Inconsiderate! Brutal I call it. But now—
 pardon me, let me slacken your elbow;
 there!—occasions of that sort are graced by all
 sorts of pleasant courtesies. The idea of select-
 ing a peer of the realm to officiate is one of
 them."

"The greatest of them," I remarked gal-
 lantly.

His lordship's face was wreathed with capti-
 vating smiles as he deprecated my inter-
 ruption.

"There are others," he modestly reminded
 me, "but the feelings of surviving friends have
 now become the subject of close official study,
 and what could be more soothing to them than
 the knowledge that the last moments of a dear,
 indiscreet relative had been soothed by the
 companionship of a member of one of our very
 oldest families?"

I could not repress my enthusiasm. "The
 idea does honor to the peerage and to the cen-
 tury."

His lordship smiled again. "I will not con-
 ceal from you," he observed, "that the motive

is not wholly patriotic. There is some finan-
 cial recompense for this humane service, which
 in the present depressed state of agriculture I
 am unable wholly to ignore. But the tempera-
 ture here is suffocating. Shall we continue our
 chat outside?"

I consented with alacrity to this pleasant
 suggestion.

"Pray be guided by me," his lordship re-
 sumed, as I turned in the direction of the en-
 trance to my temporary residence; "there is an
 open space immediately to the left which will,
 I think, illustrate the very principle I am en-
 deavoring to explain."

Quickly changing my steps, I was soon en-
 gaged in my companion's instructive talk. A
 bell was sounding at intervals, and there was
 some interruption from a clerical gentleman
 whom I recognized as a visiting acquaintance,
 but nothing checked the flow of animated
 conversation with which his lordship entertained
 me.

"It concerns me to disappoint you," he said,
 when asked by what title I might address him,
 "but we wish to associate this more with the
 Chamber than with any individual, so I fear
 you must know me only as a member of the
 House of Lords. But that little matter need
 not affect the pleasure of our association, which
 I regret has been delayed so long."

All the chivalry in my nature rose at this
 urbane expression.

"Better late than never," I replied, with my
 best bow, as we emerged from the corridor on
 to a platform facing the daylight. The prospect
 was confined, but cheerful.

"The authorities are meditating some im-
 provements," my companion went on.

"Indeed," I inquired; "architectural?"

"No, floral. Some wall creepers and gerani-
 ums. Most appropriate, you know—here to-
 day and gone to-morrow."

"It's quite a chance for a landscape gardener."

"And look at this," he added, pointing to
 some posts that rose from the platform, "how
 barren of ornament they are. Now, wood
 sculpture is a fascinating art—place your feet
 together please, just over the crack; a thousand
 thanks! What excellently shaped limbs you
 have. You really should have a better tailor.
 And your collar, too, is out of date. You must
 let me give you the address of my shirt maker.
 You would find him extremely attentive and
 reasonable in his charges. Permit me to place
 his card in your pocket. Oh, no trouble, I
 assure you. I am delighted to be of that little
 service. Perhaps I might take your measure
 and send on an order. Let me see—a good
 sixteen and a half."

These repeated kindnesses unnerved me. "I
 owe you some reparation," I observed.
 "Owe me! Impossible. Why, you have
 been civility itself."

I bowed again. "My civility is the reflection
 of your good breeding. I cannot forgive myself
 for having done you order the injustice of
 thinking them merely ornamental. I assure
 you I have enjoyed your companionship
 amazingly, and I shall look forward eagerly to
 the prospect of renewing our acquaintance."

For the first time his lordship looked dis-
 turbed, but quickly recovering himself he re-
 plied:

"There may be some difficulty about that,
 but in any case I am sincerely gratified to hear
 you express a contrary opinion now."

"How could I do otherwise when I have the
 honor of your friendship? I have been misled
 by the evening Press. I know now that an
 aristocrat may be considerate and solicitous for
 the welfare of others."

"Ah, that reminds me that the sun is shin-
 ing full on your face. Permit me to shade your
 eyes with this little handkerchief."

"And kind," I added, hardly noticing the
 action, "and courteous, and unselfish, and—
 and—"

His lordship supplied the word.

"And useful," he said, as he touched the
 lever.

I acknowledged the appropriateness of his
 suggestion on my way down to the next story.

"This fine acquaintance," I said to myself,
 "has fairly turned my head."

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 ney Disease. It is better to cure the
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But protect yourself from poor imitations by asking
 to see the Red Star Label on every yard.



Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid have returned after a pleasant voyage across the Atlantic to their home in Ontario, in the Catskills.

The Ontario Society of Artists last week sent a consignment of pictures to Winnipeg as their contribution to the exhibition which opens there July 20.

W. A. Bouguereau, the French artist, is to marry (if the event has not already taken place) Miss Elizabeth Gardiner, an American lady and pupil of his. The engagement has been of nineteen years' duration, and only the objections of the artist's mother to an American daughter-in-law prevented the marriage long ago. Miss Gardiner was a gold medalist of the *Salon* several years ago, and in style her work so strongly resembles her master's as to be mistaken for it frequently.

The display of the work of Miss Hannaford's pupils in china painting at the Pantechnon last week, was visited by a great many interested in the art. In the conventional curves the hand of the amateur might occasionally be seen in the uncertain lines, but the flowers were excellent. In one tray with yellow and red chrysanthemums the color was a trifle heavy, while a neighbor with the same flower of different color was much daintier in treatment. As a whole the work shows boldness and firmness of touch and pleasing arrangement of color and design, as befits the pupil of such a teacher. In trays, punch-bowls, and jardinières, and the carefully painted miniatures on the set of plates indicated delicacy of touch as well.

There is a small painting of Bacchus and Ariadne at the Matthews Gallery, which there is reason to suppose is by Van Dyck; the fact of its being unsigned is in itself no proof, as few artists of that day did sign their work. The painting on the outstretched hand and arm of Ariadne is certainly fine.

Mr. E. Wyly Grier's portrait of Mr. T. R. Merritt, vice-president of the Imperial Bank, has lately been hung in the board-room, though as yet only in a temporary frame. The sitter leans forward slightly; arms resting lightly on the arms of the chair, and hands slightly clasped. In one or two places there is a slight hardness of line, but the work is strong and solidly painted, the color fresh and untempered, the action admirable. The numerous visitors who have seen it all commend it in the highest terms, and the Bank has expressed its gratification in possessing so life-like a portrait of its popular vice-president. (We can scarcely help mentioning the fine quartered oak paneling of the room where this hangs, and especially the artistic treatment of the ivory-tinted ceiling in its scroll work in relief. Mr. Grier has also spent some time in Kingston at work on the portrait of Mrs. Betts of Calderwood; it is half length, and, both as a likeness and a work of art, has met with warm approval.

It is sometimes unusually interesting to see the artist at work in his studio and learn the means by which he gains certain results. Such was the case the other day during a short visit to Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith's studios, where one room was completely darkened and lighted by candles, while the artist was at work in the adjoining one at a position that commanded a good view of this interior. Mr.

J. W. L. FORSTER
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He—Love is like a game of poker.
She—How so?
He—A young man often wants a hand he cannot get.

Bell-Smith is working on a picture of the services in St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, at the burial of the late Sir John Thompson, and in order to get truth and realism has procured through the kindness of Lady Aberdeen the pall, which has been hung in the same position with the same lighting as on the occasion of its use. This is only one of the many difficulties to be overcome in a work like this. The picture is not sufficiently advanced to enable one to speak of it with fairness, but many of the portraits of those present, although not yet complete, are excellent—Lord Aberdeen, the Lieutenant-Governors of several of the provinces the Archbishop and a number of Bishops. Mr. Bell-Smith expects to work at this picture all summer, and will probably have to visit Halifax to finish one of the portraits and procure further details of the architecture.

Messrs. L. R. O'Brien, W. D. Blatchley and C. M. Manly are three of our artists who have of late been sketching zealously in the suburbs of the city. Messrs. Cruickshank and Atkinson left this week for Murray Bay.

Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles will be the representative of the Ontario Society of Artists at the Winnipeg Exhibition next month.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood has just completed a very successful picture illustrating a sentiment in one of Longfellow's sweetest poems.

Mr. R. F. Gagen has removed to his residence on the Island for the summer.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

META.—Glad to hear from you, dear girl. Your and your friends' messages to Lady Gay are welcome. She is down your way now; wonder if you'll see her? I do think five feet eight inches is a good length for a girl—funny child!

MULTUM IN PARVO.—You are sensitive to surroundings, fond of pleasure, and appreciative of refinement; have sympathy, imagination, and agreeable temper. You lack snap and decision. I will look up the violin matter.

MARGOT HOWE.—I don't remember your writing. It shows a large and appreciative nature, a rather ambitious mind and a good deal of natural talent. You will be firm and your purpose constant. A strong, capable and womanly woman. There is excellent force and courage in you and a liberal outlook.

MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK.—I believe in everything, and that one can obtain knowledge of one's fellows by the means you mention. 2. Your writing shows some energy, much refinement, and some self-will. You are imaginative, enterprising, and a bright reasoner, with good sequence of ideas and a slight pessimistic turn.

AUDREY ALLAN.—This is a pleasant and graceful nature, gentle and persuasive, somewhat of an idealist, fond of social pleasure. Writer is tenacious, but not aggressive in opinion, has some facility of expression and a good deal of tact; a sympathetic nature, rather susceptible and wishing to be loved. Enclosure is quite against rules, but a strong and fine study.

A. L. L.—Your life is marred by misplaced emphasis. Put your force in the right place, and take pains to acquire poise. There is talent, originality and a good deal of thought in your lines. Warm affection, love of the soft side and bright perception are shown. It is an interesting nature and capable of great development, but lacks deliberation and sequence of ideas. Strive to be reasonable.

GEYSER.—You are naturally good-natured and easy to get on with; like to talk about yourself, and have a hopeful and bright nature. You are honest, frank, a little in lack of purpose and concentration, and prone to overlook little things which often make for success. You are not marked in aim, practical and matter-of-fact, a little bit selfish and need discipline. I think time will help you.

RED-BIRD.—I have given names of graphological books a dozen times in these columns. Get Frost on Graphology, Rosa Baughman's work, and the Essays by Nelson Thorpe. A very clever French book, Crepus-Gamini's Study of Handwritings, is good. 2. Your writing shows ambition and energy, carelessness, bright perception and some cleverness. It is refined and apt to be successful.

GISMONTA.—1. Try Grimsby, Oakville, or Pennington. If you don't mind the country, also Muskoka. 2. I don't care to announce such a personal matter in this column. 3. Your writing shows fine energy and enterprise; your judgment and sense of proportion are very defective, moods variable and impulse erratic. It is a hand worthy of development and shows some fine traits in crude state.

WASHINGTON.—1. What about women who have no homes and no children? It is all very well to say woman's true sphere is in the home, but lots of women are then deprived of a true sphere. Let every woman work out her own salvation in her own way, my friend. 2. Your writing is crude but shows care and

deliberation, anxiety for perfection, rather a conventional turn, some willfulness and a very flighty reasoning power. There is much force and energy.

MONSTER.—1. There is no stated number for an edition. Five hundred or one thousand might be had. I once published 750. 2. St. Anthony was a saint of the Catholic church who was born about A. D. 521, in Upper Egypt. He lived a lonely and ascetic life, and died aged 165. He is almost the most popular saint in the Church of Rome. 3. Don't know the date you require. 4. Your writing is too immature.

TERRA NOVA.—1. The Tribby question is dead and buried. The objection to young girls reading the book was that the heroine was an immoral woman, and her life utterly loose and wrong. 2. Your writing shows a high-strung, conservative and sensitive nature, fond of your own belongings, and of even temperance, not depending nor volatile; careful, thoughtful, and essentially feminine. Administrative ability and a certain quiet persistence are shown. You are eminently frank and social.

YOUNGSTER.—1. I am glad you are a friend of mine, for you have such good points; you are sure to be a decent sort of a friend. 2. You are reliable, discreet in speech and capable of guarding a secret when necessary, reasonably hopeful, a little disposed to hold what you have, very good-tempered, not very impressionable, though probably popular and gallant. You should not ask me about dancing if you know me awfully well, dear boy. I am afraid it's one of my strongest weaknesses any time. You are straightforward and energetic, but not capable of very delicate perception; very little nonsense about you.

TAYLOR.—1. Your letter is only just opened. Are you not of foreign extraction? 2. Your writing is original and very interesting. Shows refinement, candor and attention to details, rather a reserved nature, but ability to adapt yourself to circumstances. There is a suggestion of adaptation, perhaps, from another land to this. You are very even-tempered, matter-of-fact and slow to accept new ideas and impulses. There is a great deal of character, albeit not self-assertive, and much worthy of admiration. I should fancy you were a very good business man, where attention, trustfulness and responsibility were needed. Your tastes are refined and your sympathies keen.

R. P. G.—I have just opened your letter and am filled with alarm. This is really the first time anybody has threatened me. As to your letter of last year, if I got it, it was duly answered—unless it was cheeky. Perhaps you have a right to address me, over three initials, as "My dear girl," being, as you assume me, one of my very best friends. I rather thought I had passed the "dear girl" stage; however, let it go. Since you threatened never to buy another SATURDAY NIGHT if you were not answered immediately, you probably won't see this acknowledgment of your familiarity.

The Organist of Olivet Baptist Church.

Mr. E. F. Kerr, organist Olivet Baptist church, Montreal, has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for his own use.

Customer—Here, don't you guarantee a perfect fit of everything you go from your place?
Tailor—Certainly. Is there anything you wish altered?
Customer—Yes. Cut down this bill—it's too large for my pocketbook.

Uncle Bob—Well, Jack, have you learned anything at school you didn't know before?
Jack (troughily)—Yes; I've learned to play "hooky."

Nature Slowly Makes Ready.

You have probably never seen a volcano in eruption. It is a magnificent spectacle. Where do all those torrents of red hot lava come from? Nobody can tell except that they come from somewhere down deep in the earth. But one thing we know, namely, that eruptions of any one volcano are far apart. Between whiles Nature is getting ready for them; she is preparing for the tremendous demonstration.

Just so it is with all her progress. In the cold of winter she is arranging the forces which are to make the heat and the harvests of the following summer, and so on.

From May, 1890, to February 1892, is a period of twenty-one months. The two dates will long remain clear in the mind of Mrs. Martha Bowles of 182 Clangyfelach road, Morriston, near Swansea. For the first was the beginning and the second the ending of an experience which was bad enough in itself, yet only the introduction to something vastly worse. It was like the time of getting ready for a great trouble to come.

Her first sense of this was indefinite and vague, like the low muttering of thunder below the horizon while the skies are yet clear. She expresses it thus, in the very words most of us use on similar occasions, "I felt that something was wrong with me—something hanging over me."

Ah, dear me. How often we think such feelings are a warning sent to the spirit, when in fact they are caused entirely by the condition of our bodies. She felt heavy, languid and tired, and mentally depressed. This was not only melancholy to her but new, as she had always been strong and healthy. Then came the discomforts which there could be no mistake about. They are common enough to be sure. Oh, yes. But isn't that all the more a reason why we should understand what they mean? "Certainly," you will say.

Well, then, there was that bad, offensive taste in the mouth, that so many of us have had; the failure of the appetite, and the pain in the chest and sides after eating. The worst pain was in the right side, where it was very heavy. That pointed to the liver, which is located on that side; and when anything ails the liver it is as though the big water-wheels of a mill had got fixed so as not to turn round. For the liver does half a dozen kinds of work, and when it strikes work the rest of the organs take a sort of rainy holiday.

Presently her skin and the white of her eyes turned yellow as autumn leaves. That meant bile in the blood; the liver was off its duty;

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New York, N.Y. 1891
New York, N.Y. 1892
New York, N.Y. 1893
New York, N.Y. 1894
New York, N.Y. 1895
New York, N.Y. 1896

that is a sure sign. The kidney secretion was the color of blood instead of a clear amber, which meant that the trouble had already reached those important organs. Then the stomach was upset and refused to take kindly to food—as though the miller sent your grain back, declining to grind it. She vomited a sour, bitter fluid, which was acid bile, away out of its proper track. On and on, along this line, constantly getting further and further from the happy land of health; this was the history of those twenty-one months—all bad enough, yet all preparatory for worse ones.

"One day in February, 1892," she says in her letter of August 18, 1893, "I began to have dreadful pain and cramp. It began in the right side, and extended across the stomach. For hours together I was in the greatest agony. What I suffered I past description. When the pain ceased a little I was cold as death and shivered until the bed shook under me. I had hot iron plates applied to my feet, and held hot irons in my hands, but nothing gave me much relief. My stomach was so irritable that I could keep no food on it. I was now confined to my bed, and the doctor attending me said I was passing gall stones. He wanted me to go to Swansea Hospital and be operated upon, but I was afraid I might not live through it."

"I next had two other doctors at Morriston and also three from Swansea, who all gave me medicines, and said nothing more could be done for me. For six months I lay in bed undergoing the greatest agony; never free from pain more than two or three hours at a time. During the whole of this time I was fed on nothing but milk and water. I had scarcely any life or strength left in me. All who saw me said I never could by any chance get better in this world."

"I lingered on like this until August, 1892, when my daughter brought me a book telling of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. In this book she read of a case like mine having been cured by this medicine. My husband got a

bottle from Mr. Bevan, the chemist, and after taking a few doses I felt a little relief. I kept on with it and soon the pains left me, my appetite returned and my food agreed with me. After taking the Syrup for three months I was a new creature and strong as ever. I can now eat anything, and nothing disagrees with me. After I was well our minister one day said: 'Mrs. Bowles, I never thought to see you alive.' I said, 'Mother Seigel's Syrup saved my life.' You may publish my case and I will gladly answer enquiries. (Signed) Martha Bowles."

This case—one of acute indigestion and dyspepsia, with liver and kidney complaints—is well known in the district. The lady's husband is a gardener, well known and respected.

Do we need to point out the moral of this wonderful cure? No. You can see it for yourself.

News Travels Fast.

A certain English baronet who lived near the spot where one of the most celebrated battles of the War of the Roses had been fought was presented to George III. at a levee. An ignorant man, he knew little of the history of the country, and was nonplussed when the king remarked graciously, "You come from the scene of a celebrated battle, I understand, Sir William." "Well, your Majesty," was the answer, "I did have a round or two with the blacksmith, but I'm very much surprised that your Majesty should have heard of it."

The Leading Wine and Spirit House.

The many friends and patrons of the late William Mara will be pleased to learn that the estate intend carrying on the business under the management of Mr. A. M. Stretton, who was with the late William Mara for a number of years. They have a fine selection of wines and spirits, and will be pleased to see their old patrons, as well as new, at the old stand, 79 and 81 Yonge street. Phone 1708.



The large and fine-toned organ of Jarvis street Baptist church is to receive a new mechanical equipment which, it is claimed, will render it the finest instrument in the city, whether for church or solo purposes. The present mechanical arrangements, both key and stop, are to be replaced by the most modern developments in organ actions, namely, the electro-pneumatic, by the progressive firm of S. R. Warren & Son, Toronto. Whilst not the first electric organ erected in Toronto, it will be the first to embody all the latest improvements in the system which, in both England and America, is superseding other actions, particularly in larger instruments. When completed it is believed the organ will not only be the most brilliant and powerful in the city, but also the most convenient for purposes of registration both for solo playing and choir accompanying, although not absolutely the largest so far as number of speaking stops is concerned. The following copy of the specifications, which were drawn up by the organist of the church, Mr. A. S. Vogt, will be of interest to the profession generally, special attention being directed to the splendid coupling system, which with the new key and stop action will constitute the main new features of the organ:

Notes, Ft.	
1. Double Open Diapason. Metal and Wood.	61 16
2. Open Diapason. Metal.	61 8
3. Gamba.	61 8
4. Dulciana.	61 8
5. Doppel Flöte.	61 4
6. Concert Flute.	61 4
7. Lieblich Flute.	61 4
8. Principal.	61 4
9. Nazard.	61 2 1/2
10. Doublette.	61 2
11. Mixture, three ranks.	61 2
12. Trumpet.	61 8
13. Posanne.	61 8
SWELL ORGAN.	
14. Bourdon (Trebble).	61 16
15. Bourdon (Bass).	61 8
16. Violin Diapason.	61 8
17. Salicional.	61 8
18. Aeoline.	61 8
19. Stopped Diapason.	61 8
20. Flute d'Amour.	61 4
21. Octave.	61 4
22. Viola.	61 4
23. Flageolet.	61 2
24. Mixture, three ranks.	61 2
25. Cornopean.	61 8
26. Oboe.	61 8
27. Vox Humana.	61 8
CHOIR ORGAN.	
28. Open Diapason.	61 8
29. Dulciana (Grooved Bass).	61 8
30. Melodia (Stopped Bass).	61 8
31. Harmonic Flute.	61 4
32. Piccolo.	61 2
33. Clarinet.	61 8
34. Contra Fagott.	49 16
PEDAL ORGAN.	
35. Open Diapason.	30 16
36. Bourdon.	30 16
37. Violoncello.	30 8
38. Flute.	30 8
39. Octave.	30 4
40. Bombarde.	30 16
COUPLERS.	
41. Swell to Great, Unison.	
42. " " Sub Octave.	
43. " " Super Octave.	
44. " " to Choir, Unison.	
45. " " Sub Octave.	
46. " " Super Octave.	
47. Choir to Great, Unison.	
48. " " Sub Octave.	
49. " " Super Octave.	
50. Swell to Octaves on itself.	
51. Great to Pedal.	
52. Swell to Pedal.	
53. Choir to Pedal.	
54. Tremolo to Swell.	
Three Combination Pistons to Great Organ.	
Four " " " to Swell.	
Three " " " to Choir.	
Two " " " pedals to Pedal.	
Crescendo Pedal.	
Full Organ Pedal.	
Balance Swell.	

The concert given in the Pavilion on Thursday evening of last week under the auspices of the College of Music, proved to be a very gratifying success. The large building was crowded to the doors, and the various performers were enthusiastically applauded, and in several instances encored. A fine programme was submitted, including a number of solo and ensemble pianoforte selections, vocal numbers and recitations. The piano numbers were contributed by the following pupils of Mr. H. M. Field, viz.: Mrs. F. W. Lee, Miss Gunther, Miss Beatrice Carter, Miss Topping, Miss Birnie and Miss Austin. The numbers performed were Hiller's F sharp minor Concerto by Mrs. Lee; the Gounod-Liszt Faust Valses by Miss Gunther; Mozart's D minor Concerto with Reinecke Cadenza, by Miss Carter; Henselt's Variations in E, and Saint-Saens' Concerto in G minor by Miss Topping; Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor by Miss Carter, and Dussek's Concerto in G minor by Miss Austin. Of Mrs. Lee, Miss Topping and Miss Gunther, whose excellent work has frequently been mentioned during the past season in this column, it is but necessary to state that they played with their usual artistic finish and technical proficiency. Of the others, who have not been studying with Mr. Field so long, it might be said that Miss Birnie, who has won the gold medal annually awarded by Mr. Field, played with much freedom and breadth of style generally. Miss Austin created a decided impression in the Dussek Concerto, and Miss Carter in her work gave abundant promise of a very successful future. It might be mentioned in this connection that Miss Topping leaves for Germany in August to continue her studies

there under Herr Martin Krause, the eminent pedagogue of Leipzig. Vocal numbers by Miss Florence MacPherson and Mr. Carnahan, pupils of Sig. Tesseman, and by Mrs. J. N. McGinn, pupil of Mr. Torrington, were given with excellent effect. Miss Annie Richardson and Miss Tessie McCallum contributed several readings and were loudly applauded. The accompaniments were played by Miss Jennie Williams, a pupil of Mr. W. J. McNally.

The last of a series of recitals by vocal pupils of Miss Reynolds, at the Conservatory of Music, was given on Thursday evening last in the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience. The recital was characterized by the many points of excellence which have been noted in this column from time to time during the past season, of Miss Reynolds' work generally. The names of the pupils contributing to the programme included a number who have already gained more than local distinction as vocalists, as the following list will show, namely: Misses Bertha A. Tucker, Gertrude Wilcox, Lolo Roman, Elda Idle, Mima Lund, Gertrude Black, Alice McCarron, Annie Hallworth, Teresa Tymon, Mrs. R. J. Walker, Messrs. Geo. H. Doherty, W. F. Hayes, H. C. Johnson and H.P. Stutchbury. The programme included eleven solos, two duets, and two quartettes, covering a wide range of vocal work. The series of which the concert under notice was the last, embraced selections from standard oratorios and operas and the works of classic and popular song writers. The admirable material with which Miss Reynolds has been working for some seasons past is perhaps the best proof of her ability and conscientiousness as a teacher. In order to ensure loyalty and maintain interest among a large list of capable and earnest students, something more than ordinary ability and tact is necessary, qualifications which, by the way, many teachers are deficient in. The recital was varied through several piano solos by Miss May Kirkpatrick, and a mandolin solo by Miss Cottam. The accompaniments were efficiently played by Miss Edith M. Crittenden.

The annual piano recital given by the eminent American virtuoso, Mr. W. H. Sherwood, under the auspices of the Conservatory of Music, is always an event of much interest and importance, and the one given on Monday evening last at Conservatory Hall was no exception to the rule which has governed Mr. Sherwood's recitals here in the past. A large audience, including many of our most prominent local musicians, was in attendance. Mr. Sherwood's brilliant performances of the chosen numbers evoked the greatest enthusiasm. It is doubtful whether he has ever presented a more attractive programme than on this occasion. He has certainly never appeared to better advantage. The programme embraced Habermier's Prelude from Etudes Poésies; Guilman's Fugue in D (arranged from organ score by Mme. Rive-King); the Beethoven-Liszt arrangement of the Allegretto from Eighth Symphony; Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, op. 57, F minor; Liszt's transcription of Chopin's Polish Song; a group of five Chopin numbers; Sherwood's Ethelinda, op. 14, No. 2, and Exhilaration, op. 14, No. 3; Chopin's Barcarolle, op. 60, and Liszt's Grand Polonaise in E. After the recital, Mr. Sherwood was entertained by the members of the Cleft Club at their club-room. Mr. Sherwood, by the way, is an honorary member of the Cleft Club, having been the first one thus elected.

I am informed that it is the intention of the Toronto Philharmonic to produce Rossini's Stabat Mater in October next with a strong cast of soloists and a good orchestra. The programme of the society for the balance of the season is to include the annual Messiah performance at Christmas time, and a festival in May in honor of Her Majesty the Queen and in commemoration of her phenomenally long reign, which will then, I believe, be the longest on record in modern history. All the other musical societies of the city, I am told, are to be invited to participate in this event. From which it will be seen that the Philharmonic are undertaking no small contract for the coming year. There has, however, been so much smoke and so little fire during the past few years regarding promises of great things musical, that a certain feeling of scepticism has grown up in the community which it is hoped a record of actual achievements next season will do much to remove. There have been innumerable festivals on paper for some years past in this city. Let us all pray that something substantial may soon come of some of them.

An enjoyable piano recital was given at Pickering College on Tuesday evening of last week by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, examiner in music at that institution. Mr. Tripp's programme embraced the Presto Giocoso from Bach's Italian Concerto, Beethoven's Adagio Sostenuto and Allegretto from the Moonlight Sonata, two Preludes by Chopin, Grieg's The Butterfly, Moszkowski's Air de Ballet, Moszkowski's Valse in E, op. 34, No. 1; Hollander's March, op. 69, and Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, with orchestral accompaniment on second piano by Miss Frances S. Morris. The large audience present was very enthusiastic, and Mr. Tripp was frequently recalled. Miss Maggie Huston of Toronto, who assisted, sang with her accustomed success Clay's Sands O' Dee, Tosti's Good Bye, Tosti's Serenade, and Smith's If I But Knew. She was also most cordially received and created a decided impression.

The May number of the Canadian magazine, *Our Monthly*, contains a very interesting sketch of the artistic career of the well known Toronto vocal teacher, Mme. Stuttaford. Among the many musical experiences in the life of this talented lady, none are of greater interest than several which are recorded of her prior to her marriage to Mr. A. J. S. Stuttaford, who is well and favorably known as an ardent lover of music. In 1846 she enjoyed the rare distinction of having sung as a soloist in The Elijah at a Philharmonic concert in Exeter Hall under the baton of Mendelssohn himself. Her concert experience in England was a very successful one, and her subsequent work as a leading member of a grand opera company won for her the encomiums of many leading critics in the earlier sixties. Her success as a specialist in vocal culture in Toronto is also referred to,

several portraits of her best known pupils being given in the sketch.

At the recent commencement exercises in connection with the University of Toronto, held at the Pavilion, considerable interest was shown in the result of the musical examinations for the Mus. Bac. degree. Five successful candidates were presented by Mr. Torrington. Miss Martin, a pupil of the Toronto College of Music, Mr. T. C. Jeffers of the College staff, and Miss Mansfield of the same institution, passed all the musical examinations. Miss Mansfield, however, will require to matriculate before being entitled to the Mus. Bac. degree. Mr. Jackson, Miss Tandy and Miss Paget were the other recipients of the degree. The second year candidates who successfully passed the theoretical and practical examinations were Misses Addison, Hawthorth, O'Hara, Husband, F. H. Burt, and in the first year Miss Snider, all of the Toronto College of Music.

Mr. A. D. Jordan, one of Mr. Torrington's most talented organ pupils, gave a recital at the College of Music on Wednesday evening of last week, playing the following fine programme: Handel—Zadok the Priest (coronation anthem); Wely—Allegretto Cantabile; Lemmens—Grand Fantasia in E minor; Rheinberger—Intermezzo; Dubois—Chorus Magnus; Thome—Simple Aveu; Smart—Con Moto Moderato; Saint-Saens—Elevation; Bach—Tocata in F; Handel—Allegro from G Minor Concerto; Weber—Euryanthe Overture. Mr. Jordan's playing revealed a well developed manual and pedal technique, a good style and a general breadth of interpretation at once flattering to himself and his capable interpreter. Miss Lulu Dundas sang several numbers with good effect, being encored for her rendering of the old Scotch song, Mary of Argyll.

The musical examinations at Loretto Abbey, which were conducted by Mr. A. S. Vogt on Thursday and Friday of last week, resulted as follows: Special honor certificate in advanced instrumental music, Miss McMahon; gold medal in instrumental music, Miss Le Bel; silver medals in instrumental music, Miss Edith Mason and Miss G. Jones; silver medal for vocal music, Miss Chapin; silver lyre in junior music department, Miss M. O'Dea. The very high standing of Loretto Abbey musically, which has frequently been noted in this column, is being consistently maintained. Both in instrumental and vocal music unusually satisfactory results were attained this season, such as entitle those in charge of the musical arrangements of the school to every possible credit.

Mr. E. R. Parkhurst in his able and interesting annual review of our local theatrical and concert season, makes the following references to the work of our various musical organizations during the past year. He says: "Our local singing societies did not display so much activity as in former years. The Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Mr. Anger, produced Haydn's Creation and Handel's Messiah. The Mendelssohn Choir, Mr. Vogt conductor, contented themselves with one concert, but that was a brilliant success. The Male Chorus Club, and the Caledonian Choir, and the Westminster Choir, each gave a concert that received liberal patronage and much praise. No new compositions of extended form were produced by these societies."

An entertainment of a high order, and one particularly suited to ladies' clubs, musical or literary, ladies' colleges, conventions, drawing rooms, etc., is Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison's (Seranus) recital-lecture, The Music of French Canada. I am pleased to learn that it is Mrs. Harrison's intention to give this fine entertainment during the coming season at various points, and can heartily recommend the lecture as an exceptionally instructive and interesting paper on a subject which should attract attention in all parts of our country.

With one more rehearsal on Monday evening next the Elijah chorus will take a vacation for the summer. The chorus has done good work this year, and with a few exceptions has reached its complement of voices. The success in organization and formation of this fine body of singers is principally due to an energetic and wide-awake chorus committee, of which Mr. S. T. Church is chairman, and Mr. Andrew Tilley secretary.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth, director of the Metropolitan School of Music, will spend his summer vacation on the sea coast of New Brunswick.

At a special musical service recently given in St. Michael's cathedral, Madame Bonvini O'Brien sang with fine effect Cherubini's beautiful Ave Marie.

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Bicycling in Paris.

The Wheelwomen.
There is probably no city in the world where regulations are more strict for cyclists than in Paris, except in so far as concerns the wheeling of machines on the footwalk. This is winked at in Paris, and is legally permissible outside the city at points where the road is bad. But no cyclists must be without a bell or a lantern. In order that riders may have no excuse for being without a light, it is proposed that every tobacco shop—and these are semi-official establishments—shall be compelled by the authorities to keep lanterns in stock for the use of cyclists. This is all the easier as eight out of every ten cyclists in France carry a colored Chinese lantern suspended from the handles instead of the oil lamp that is usually adopted in England. The effect of the candle lantern is much more picturesque and it is certainly less troublesome than the oil lamp. Besides, the lanterns only cost a penny and last for several hours.

The Law and The Scorchers.

Life.
One of the blessings that contemporary humanity owes to the bicycle is the current newspaper paragraph which tells how the bicycle-policeman—vulgarily known as the cop-on-wheels—pursued and captured the lawless and disdainful scorcher. The race between the scorcher and the cop glows with sport and bristles with hair-breadth escapes. Justice is always triumphant, so the moral effect of the stories is good.

The Story of a Magazine and a Man.

Life.
A certain rich young man, whom a University had just given the freedom of the world, decided he would become famous.
Going to the nearest lunatic asylum he secured the release of the patient whose intellect was most hopelessly distorted. At a neigh-

boring eye infirmity he procured a person of absolutely inaccurate vision.

With the assistance of these two—one as editor, the other as art director—he started a New Magazine.

It was a huge success. Nobody understood it and everybody bought it.

He was famous.
But he lost both his mind and his eyes from trying to read his own magazine.

The moral of which is that you may buy an infirmity, but you cannot bribe it to stay away.

William's Forgiving Spirit.

The Emperor William has just nominated the Baron de Krosick Grand Cross of the Red Eagle. The Baron was formerly Colonel of the regiment of Hussars in which William served before his accession to the throne. One evening at mess young William, then simply captain, had invited the Archduke Rudolph to dine with him. The conversation turned upon the proposed reforms for the cavalry, which had been refused as impracticable. William declared himself for these reforms, and asserted his opinion with so much impetuosity and arrogance that the Colonel, heated with too copious libations, said brusquely, to him "It is absurd nonsense," and turned into ridicule what the Prince had said. "It is well, Colonel," replied William; "to-day you are my superior, and I bow before your opinion, but some day our positions may change, and then you will see." "That day," cried the Colonel, forgetting himself entirely, "I will break my sword rather than serve under your command!" The two Princes then rose and went away, and, contrary to what the General had expected, William never said a word about this incident either to his father or to the King, his grandfather, and the Baron thought no more about the subject. When the young Prince, his former subordinate, ascended the throne, he expected to receive orders to beat a retreat from the Army, but, instead, William II. made him a General, confided to him the direction of the cavalry school at Hanover, and appeared to have a great respect for his former Colonel, and even a little fear; and the latest favor he has shown him has been to decorate him with the Order of the Red Eagle.

"Does Miss Gushington's father look with favor on your suit?" "I think so; he always lets me pay for the drinks."—*Chicago Record.*

Banner—The foreigners are getting an awful hold on this country. Crosby: They are, indeed. Why, I read over a list of men naturalized by the court yesterday, and, by thunder, every one of them was a foreigner.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Reginald—Time brings about some odd changes, doesn't it? Harold—I should say it did. Look at the matter of costumes. Why, when we played tennis, we turned our trousers up at the bottom, and now that we play golf we turn our stockings down from the top.—*Woonsocket Reporter.*

"Hawkins received a notice from the city the other day to come around and get a new license for his dog, as the old permit had expired." "What did he do?" "He wrote back that so had the dog."

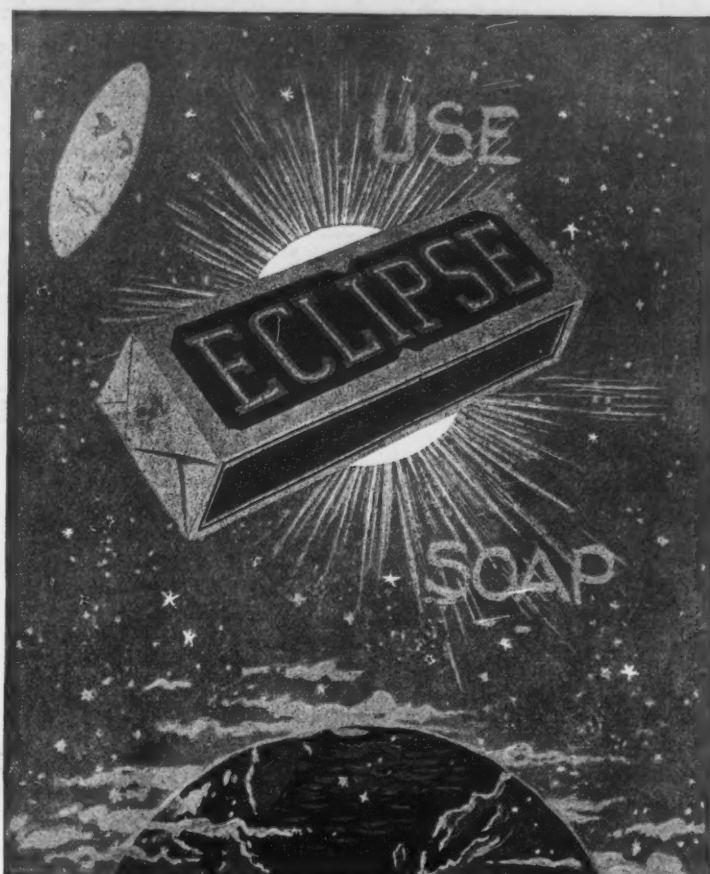
"Doctor," said he, "I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise—such as a cat on the back fence, for instance." "This powder will be effective," replied the physician after compounding a prescription. "When do I take it, doctor?" "You don't take it. You give it to the cat, in a little milk."

Miss Justont—What do you consider the marriageable age? Outal Knight—Anywhere between the seminary and the cemetery.

"Let me take the blamed thing home," said the patient, as the dentist relieved him of his aching molar; "I want to take it home and poke sugar in it to see it ache!"

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy stairs, O sea!"
But the awful bills of the Beach Hotel
Are the things that are breaking me.

Trivet—Ours is a very contradictory language. Dicer—Go on. Trivet—The term, "a sad dog," usually means a particularly gay chap.



Dicer—It does; and when you say a man is a corker you really mean that he is an uncorker.

"Here is a fountain pen, sir," said the dealer, "that we guarantee will never dry up."
"What do you call it?" "The Jim Corbett, sir."—*Columbia Register.*

Dominion Day Excursion.

The natal day of Canada will be celebrated in grand style by the citizens of Hamilton, great preparations being made for the two days' sport at Dundurn Park. To give our citizens an opportunity the Hamilton Steamboat Company have placed the fare at 75c for the round trip, good going June 30 and return up to July 2. The palatial steamers, Modjeska and Macassa, will make four trips each way, beginning at 7.30 a.m. and continuing until 8.30 p.m. A special boat will leave Toronto at 9 p.m. on June 30.



Woman's Crown of Glory

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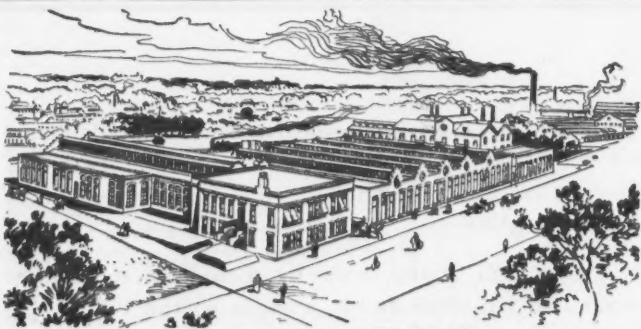
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NERUDA-HALLE.

The large and fine-toned organ of Jarvis street Baptist church is to receive a new mechanical equipment which, it is claimed, will render it the finest instrument in the city, whether for church or solo purposes. The present mechanical arrangements, both key and stop, are to be replaced by the most modern developments in organ actions, namely, the electro-pneumatic, by the progressive firm of S. R. Warren & Son, Toronto. Whilst not the first electric organ erected in Toronto, it will be the first to embody all the latest improvements in the system which, in both England and America, is superseding other actions, particularly in larger instruments. When completed it is believed the organ will not only be the most brilliant and powerful in the city, but also the most convenient for purposes of registration both for solo playing and choir accompanying, although not absolutely the largest so far as number of speaking stops is concerned. The following copy of the specifications, which were drawn up by the organist of the church, Mr. A. S. Vogt, will be of interest to the profession generally, special attention being directed to the splendid coupling system, which with the new key and stop action will constitute the main new features of the organ:

Compass of Manuals, C.C. to C. 61 notes.
Compass of Pedals, C.C.C. to C. 30 notes.

GREAT ORGAN.		Notes, Ft.
1. Double Open Diapason, Metal and Wood.	61	16
2. Open Diapason, Metal.	61	8
3. Gamba.	61	8
4. Dulciana.	61	8
5. Doppel Flöte.	61	8
6. Concert Flute.	61	4
7. Lieblich Flute.	61	4
8. Principal.	61	4
9. Nazard.	61	2 1/2
10. Doublette.	61	2
11. Mixture, three ranks.	183	
12. Trumpet.	61	8
13. Posanne.	61	8
SWELL ORGAN.		
14. Bourdon (Treble).	61	16
15. Bourdon (Bass).	61	8
16. Violin Diapason.	61	8
17. Salsicional.	61	8
18. Aeoline.	61	8
19. Stopped Diapason.	61	8
20. Flute d'Amour.	61	4
21. Octave.	61	4
22. Viola.	61	4
23. Flageolet.	61	2
24. Mixture, three ranks.	183	
25. Cornopean.	61	8
26. Oboe.	61	8
27. Vox Humana.	61	8
CHOIR ORGAN.		
28. Open Diapason.	61	8
29. Dulciana (Grooved Bass).	61	8
30. Melodia (Stopped Bass).	61	8
31. Harmonic Flute.	61	4
32. Piccolo.	61	2
33. Clarinet.	61	8
34. Contra Fagott.	61	16
PEDAL ORGAN.		
35. Open Diapason.	30	16
36. Bourdon.	30	16
37. Violoncello.	30	8
38. Flute.	30	8
39. Octave.	30	4
40. Bombarde.	30	16
COUPLERS.		
41. Swell to Great, Unison.		
42. " " Sub Octave.		
43. " " Super Octave.		
44. " " to Choir, Unison.		
45. " " Sub Octave.		
46. " " Super Octave.		
47. Choir to Great, Unison.		
48. " " Sub Octave.		
49. " " Super Octave.		
50. Swell to Octaves on itself.		
51. Great to Pedal.		
52. Swell to Pedal.		
53. Choir to Pedal.		
54. Tremolo to Swell.		
Three Combination Pistons to Great Organ.		
Four " " " to Swell.		
Three " " " to Choir.		
Two " " " to Pedal.		
Crescendo Pedal.		
Full Organ Pedal.		
Balance Swell.		

The concert given in the Pavilion on Thursday evening of last week under the auspices of the College of Music, proved to be a very gratifying success. The large building was crowded to the doors, and the various performers were enthusiastically applauded, and in several instances encored. A fine programme was submitted, including a number of solo and ensemble pianoforte selections, vocal numbers and recitations. The piano numbers were contributed by the following pupils of Mr. H. M. Field, viz.: Mrs. F. W. Lee, Miss Gunther, Miss Beatrice Carter, Miss Topping, Miss Birnie and Miss Austin. The numbers performed were Hiller's F sharp minor Concerto by Mrs. Lee; the G minor Liszt Faust Valse by Miss Gunther; Mozart's D minor Concerto with Reinecke Cadenza, by Miss Carter; Henselt's Variations in E, and Saint-Saens' Concerto in G minor by Miss Topping; Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor by Miss Carter, and Dussek's Concerto in G minor by Miss Austin. Of Mrs. Lee, Miss Topping and Miss Gunther, whose excellent work has frequently been mentioned during the past season in this column, it is but necessary to state that they played with their usual artistic finish and technical proficiency. Of the others, who have not been studying with Mr. Field so long, it might be said that Miss Birnie, who has won the gold medal annually awarded by Mr. Field, played with much freedom and breadth of style generally. Miss Austin created a decided impression in the Dussek Concerto, and Miss Carter in her work gave abundant promise of a very successful future. It might be mentioned in this connection that Miss Topping leaves for Germany in August to continue her studies

there under Herr Martin Krause, the eminent pedagogic of Leipzig. Vocal numbers by Miss Florence MacPherson and Mr. Carnahan, pupils of Sig. Tesseman, and by Mrs. J. N. McGinn, pupil of Mr. Torrington, were given with excellent effect. Miss Annie Richardson and Miss Tessie McCallum contributed several readings and were loudly applauded. The accompaniments were played by Miss Jennie Williams, a pupil of Mr. W. J. McNally.

The last of a series of recitals by vocal pupils of Miss Reynolds, at the Conservatory of Music, was given on Thursday evening last in the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience. The recital was characterized by the many points of excellence which have been noted in this column from time to time during the past season, of Miss Reynolds' work generally. The names of the pupils contributing to the programme included a number who have already gained more than local distinction as vocalists, as the following list will show, namely: Misses Bertha A. Tucker, Gertrude Wilcox, Lolo Ronan, Elda Idle, Mima Lund, Gertie Black, Alice McCarron, Annie Hallworth, Teresa Tynon, Mrs. R. J. Walker, Messrs. Geo. H. Doherty, W. F. Hayes, H. C. Johnson and H. P. Stutchbury. The programme included eleven solos, two duets, and two quartettes, covering a wide range of vocal work. The series of which the concert under notice was the last, embraced selections from standard oratorios and operas and the works of classic and popular song writers. The admirable material with which Miss Reynolds has been working for some seasons past is perhaps the best proof of her ability and conscientiousness as a teacher. In order to ensure loyalty and maintain interest among a large list of capable and earnest students, something more than ordinary ability and tact is necessary, qualifications which, by the way, many teachers are deficient in. The recital was varied through several piano solos by Miss May Kirkpatrick, and a mandolin solo by Miss Cottam. The accompaniments were efficiently played by Miss Edith M. Crittenden.

The annual piano recital given by the eminent American virtuoso, Mr. W. H. Sherwood, under the auspices of the Conservatory of Music, is always an event of much interest and importance, and the one given on Monday evening last at Conservatory Hall was no exception to the rule which has governed Mr. Sherwood's recitals here in the past. A large audience, including many of our most prominent local musicians, was in attendance. Mr. Sherwood's brilliant performances of the chosen numbers evoked the greatest enthusiasm. It is doubtful whether he has ever presented a more attractive programme than on this occasion. He has certainly never appeared to better advantage. The programme embraced Habermier's Prelude from Etudes Poésies; Guilmant's Fugue in D arranged from organ score by Mme. Rive-King; the Beethoven-Liszt arrangement of the Allegretto from Eighth Symphony; Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, op. 57, F minor; Liszt's transcription of Chopin's Polish Song; a group of five Chopin numbers; Sherwood's Ethelinda, op. 14, No. 2, and Exhilaration, op. 14, No. 3; Chopin's Barcarolle, op. 60, and Liszt's Grand Polonoise in E. After the recital, Mr. Sherwood was entertained by the members of the Cleft Club at their club-room. Mr. Sherwood, by the way, is an honorary member of the Cleft Club, having been the first one thus elected.

I am informed that it is the intention of the Toronto Philharmonic to produce Rossini's Stabat Mater in October next with a strong cast of soloists and a good orchestra. The programme of the society for the balance of the season is to include the annual Messiah performance at Christmas time, and a festival in May in honor of Her Majesty the Queen and in commemoration of her phenomenally long reign, which will then, I believe, be the longest on record in modern history. All the other musical societies of the city, I am told, are to be invited to participate in this event. From which it will be seen that the Philharmonic are undertaking no small contract for the coming year. There has, however, been so much smoke and so little fire during the past few years regarding promises of great things musical, that a certain feeling of scepticism has grown up in the community which it is hoped a record of actual achievements next season will do much to remove. There have been innumerable festivals on paper for some years past in this city. Let us all pray that something substantial may soon come of some of them.

An enjoyable piano recital was given at Pickering College on Tuesday evening of last week by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, examiner in music at that institution. Mr. Tripp's programme embraced the Presto Giocoso from Bach's Italian Concerto, Beethoven's Adagio Sostenuto and Allegretto from the Moonlight Sonata, two Preludes by Chopin, Grieg's The Butterfly, Moszkowski's Air de Ballet, Moszkowski's Valse in E, op. 34, No. 1; Hollander's March, op. 69, and Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, with orchestral accompaniment on second piano by Miss Frances S. Morris. The large audience present was very enthusiastic, and Mr. Tripp was frequently recalled. Miss Maggie Huston of Toronto, who assisted, sang with her accustomed success Clay's Sands O' Dee, Tosti's Good Bye, Tosti's Serenade, and Smith's If I But Knew. She was also most cordially received and created a decided impression.

The May number of the Canadian magazine, *Our Monthly*, contains a very interesting sketch of the artistic career of the well known Toronto vocal teacher, Mme. Stuttford. Among the many musical experiences in the life of this talented lady, none are of greater interest than several which are recorded of her prior to her marriage to Mr. A. J. S. Stuttford, who is well and favorably known as an ardent lover of music. In 1846 she enjoyed the rare distinction of having sung as a soloist in The Elijah at a Philharmonic concert in Exeter Hall under the baton of Mendelssohn himself. Her concert experience in England was a very successful one, and her subsequent work as a leading member of a grand opera company won for her the enmities of many leading critics in the earlier sixties. Her success as a specialist in vocal culture in Toronto is also referred to,

several portraits of her best known pupils being given in the sketch.

At the recent commencement exercises in connection with the University of Toronto, held at the Pavilion, considerable interest was shown in the result of the musical examinations for the Mus. Bac. degree. Five successful candidates were presented by Mr. Torrington. Miss Martin, a pupil of the Toronto College of Music, Mr. T. C. Jeffers of the College staff, and Miss Mansfield of the same institution, passed all the musical examinations. Miss Mansfield, however, will require to matriculate before being entitled to the Mus. Bac. degree. Mr. Jackson, Miss Tandy and Miss Paget were the other recipients of the degree. The second year candidates who successfully passed the theoretical and practical examinations were Misses Addison, Haworth, O'Hara, Husband, F. H. Burt, and in the first year Miss Snider, all of the Toronto College of Music.

Mr. A. D. Jordan, one of Mr. Torrington's most talented organ pupils, gave a recital at the College of Music on Wednesday evening of last week, playing the following fine programme: Handel—Zadok the Priest (coronation anthem); Wely—Allegretto Cantabile; Lemmens—Grand Fantasia in E minor; Rheinberger—Intermezzo; Dubois—Chorus Magnus; Thome—Simple Aveu; Smart—Con Moto Moderato; Saint-Saens—Elevation; Bach—Toccata in F; Handel—Allegro from G Minor Concerto; Weber—Euryanthe Overture. Mr. Jordan's playing revealed a well developed manual and pedal technique, a good style and a general breadth of interpretation at once flattering to himself and his capable instructor. Miss Lulu Dundas sang several numbers with good effect, being encored for her rendering of the old Scotch song, Mary of Argyll.

The musical examinations at Loretto Abbey, which were conducted by Mr. A. S. Vogt on Thursday and Friday of last week, resulted as follows: Special honor certificate in advanced instrumental music, Miss McMahon; gold medal in instrumental music, Miss Le Bel; silver medals in instrumental music, Miss Edith Mason and Miss G. Jones; silver medal for vocal music, Miss Chapin; silver lyre in junior music department, Miss M. O'Dea. The very high standing of Loretto Abbey musically, which has frequently been noted in this column, is being consistently maintained. Both in instrumental and vocal music unusually satisfactory results were attained this season such as entitle those in charge of the musical arrangements of the school to every possible credit.

Mr. E. R. Parkhurst in his able and interesting annual review of our local theatrical and concert season, makes the following references to the work of our various musical organizations during the past year. He says: "Our local singing societies do not display so much activity as in former years. The Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Mr. Anger, produced Haydn's Creation and Handel's Messiah. The Mendelssohn Choir, Mr. Vogt conductor, contented themselves with one concert, but that was a brilliant success. The Male Chorus Club, and the Caledonian Choir, and the Westminster Choir, each gave a concert that received liberal patronage and much praise. No new compositions of extended form were produced by these societies."

An entertainment of a high order, and one particularly suited to ladies' clubs, musical or literary, ladies' colleges, conventions, drawing-rooms, etc., is Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison's (Seranus) recital-lecture, The Music of French Canada. I am pleased to learn that it is Mrs. Harrison's intention to give this fine entertainment during the coming season at various points, and can heartily recommend the lecture as an exceptionally instructive and interesting paper on a subject which should attract attention in all parts of our country.

With one more rehearsal on Monday evening next the Elijah chorus will take a vacation for the summer. The chorus has done good work this year, and with a few exceptions has reached its complement of voices. The success in organization and formation of this fine body of singers is principally due to an energetic and wide-awake chorus committee, of which Mr. S. T. Church is chairman, and Mr. Andrew Tilley secretary.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth, director of the Metropolitan School of Music, will spend his summer vacation on the sea coast of New Brunswick.

At a special musical service recently given in St. Michael's cathedral, Madame Bonivini O'Brien sang with fine effect Cherubini's beautiful Ave Marie.

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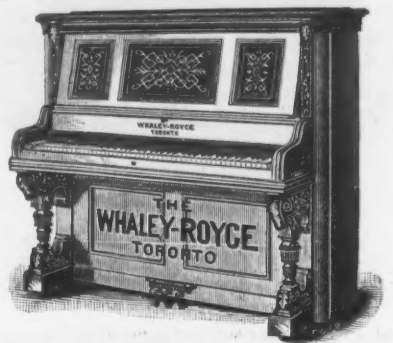
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Bicycling in Paris.

The Wheelwomen.
There is probably no city in the world where regulations are more strict for cyclists than in Paris, except in so far as concerns the wheeling of machines on the footwalk. This is winked at in Paris, and is legally permissible outside the city at points where the road is bad. But no cyclists must be without a bell or a lantern. In order that riders may have no excuse for being without a light, it is proposed that every tobacco shop—and these are semi-official establishments—shall be compelled by the authorities to keep lanterns in stock for the use of cyclists. This is all the easier as eight out of every ten cyclists in France carry a colored Chinese lantern suspended from the handles instead of the oil lamp that is usually adopted in England. The effect of the candle lantern is much more picturesque and it is certainly less troublesome than the oil lamp. Besides, the lanterns only cost a penny and last for several hours.

The Law and The Scorchers.

Life.
One of the blessings that contemporary humanity owes to the bicycle is the current newspaper paragraph which tells how the bicycle-policeman—vulgarily known as the cop-on-wheels—pursued and captured the lawless and disdainful scorcher. The race between the scorcher and the cop glows with sport and bristles with hair-breadth escapes. Justice is always triumphant, so the moral effect of the stories is good.

The Story of a Magazine and a Man.

Life.
A certain rich young man, whom a University had just given the freedom of the world, decided he would become famous. Going to the nearest lunatic asylum he secured the release of the patient whose intellect was most hopelessly distorted. At a neigh-

boring eye infirmity he procured a person of absolutely inaccurate vision.

With the assistance of these two—one as editor, the other as art director—he started a New Magazine.

It was a huge success. Nobody understood it and everybody bought it.

He was famous.
But he lost both his mind and his eyes from trying to read his own magazine.

The moral of which is that you may buy an infirmity, but you cannot bribe it to stay away.

William's Forgiving Spirit.

The Emperor William has just nominated the Baron de Krosick Grand Cross of the Red Eagle. The Baron was formerly Colonel of the regiment of Hussars in which William served before his accession to the throne. One evening at mess young William, then simply captain, had invited the Archduke Rudolph to dine with him. The conversation turned upon the proposed reforms for the cavalry, which had been refused as impracticable. William declared himself for these reforms, and asserted his opinion with so much impetuosity and arrogance that the Colonel, heated with too copious libations, said brusquely, to him "It is absurd nonsense," and turned into ridicule what the Prince had said. "It is well, Colonel," replied William; "to-day you are my superior, and I bow before your opinion, but some day our positions may change, and then you will see." "That day," cried the Colonel, forgetting himself entirely, "I will break my sword rather than serve under your command!" The two Princes then rose and went away, and contrary to what the General had expected, William never said a word about this incident either to his father or to the King, his grandfather, and the Baron thought no more about the subject. When the young Prince, his former subordinate, ascended the throne, he expected to receive orders to beat a retreat from the Army, but, instead, William II. made him a General, confided to him the direction of the cavalry school at Hanover, and appeared to have a great respect for his former Colonel, and even a little fear; and the latest favor he has shown him has been to decorate him with the Order of the Red Eagle.

"Does Miss Gashington's father look with favor on your suit?" "I think so; he always lets me pay for the drinks."—*Chicago Record.*

Banner—The foreigners are getting an awful hold on this country. Crosby. They are, indeed. Why, I read over a list of men naturalized by the court yesterday, and, by thunder, every one of them was a foreigner.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Reginald—Time brings about some odd changes, doesn't it? Harold—I should say it did. Look at the matter of costumes. Why, when we played tennis, we turned our trousers up at the bottom, and now that we play golf we turn our stockings down from the top.—*Woonsocket Reporter.*

"Hawkins received a notice from the city the other day to come around and get a new license for his dog, as the old permit had expired." "What did he do?" "He wrote back that so had the dog."

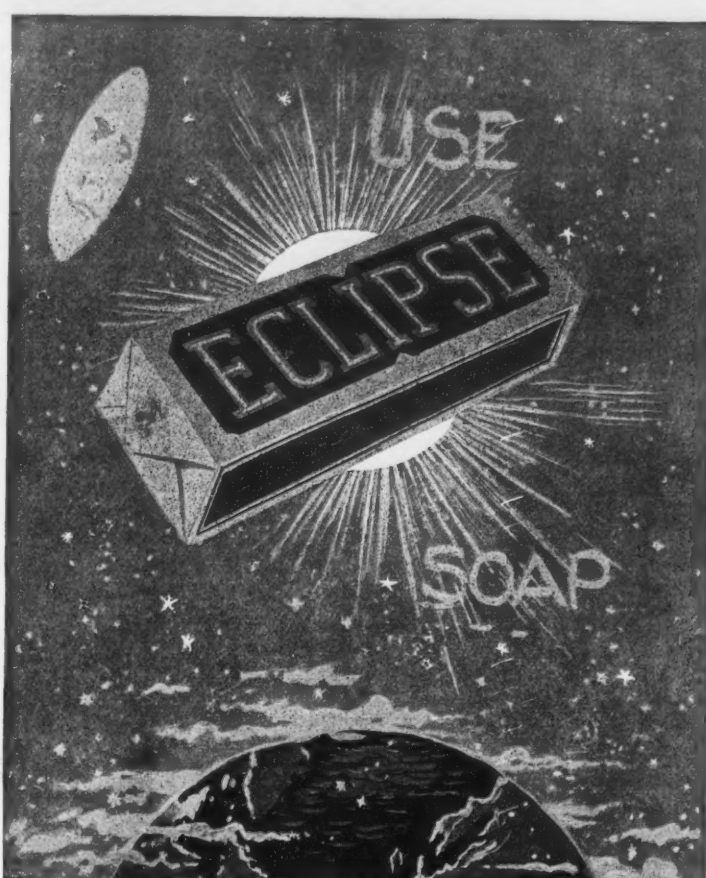
"Doctor," said he, "I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise—such as a cat on the back fence, for instance." "This powder will be effective," replied the physician after compounding a prescription. "When do I take it, doctor?" "You don't take it. You give it to the cat, in a little milk."

Miss Justont—What do you consider the marriageable age? Outal Knight—Anywhere between the seminary and the cemetery.

"Let me take the blamed thing home," said the patient, as the dentist relieved him of his aching molar. "I want to take it home and poke sugar in it to see it ache!"

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of my crags, O sea!"
But the awful bill of the Beach Hotel
Are the things that are breaking me.

Trivet—Ours is a very contradictory language. Dicer—Go on. Trivet—The term, "a sad dog," usually means a particularly gay chap.



Dicer—It does; and when you say a man is a corker you really mean that he is an uncorker.

"Here is a fountain pen, sir," said the dealer, "that we guarantee will never dry up." "What do you call it?" "The Jim Corbett, sir."—*Columbia Register.*

Dominion Day Excursion.

The natal day of Canada will be celebrated in grand style by the citizens of Hamilton, great preparations being made for the two days' sport at Dundurn Park. To give our citizens an opportunity the Hamilton Steamboat Company have placed the fare at 75c for the round trip, good going June 30 and return up to July 2. The palatial steamers, Modjeska and Macassa, will make four trips each way, beginning at 7.30 a.m. and continuing until 8.30 p.m. A special boat will leave Toronto at 9 p.m. on June 30.



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Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (small)25
Bailey's Rubber Glove Cleaner10
Bailey's Rubber Manicure25
General Comestum Soap25

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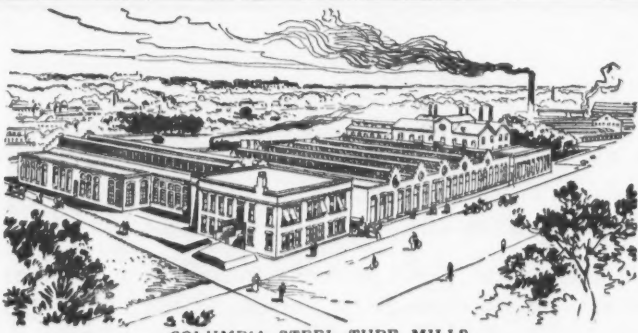
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TORONTO LADIES are enthusiastic in the praise of this bicycle, whose graceful beauty, strength, simplicity and smoothness makes it pre-eminently the wheel for women

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BAILEY'S RUBBER BATH AND FLESH BRUSH

to open the pores, start the circulation and give life to the muscles. It invigorates the whole body for the day. A gentle reminder of duty to each pore. Used either wet or dry, it is a most exhilarating massage. Keeps one young.

Found at dealers or sent by mail on receipt of price. Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush, with handle, \$1.50. Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush, \$1.00. Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (large) with handle, \$1.00. Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (small) with handle, \$1.00. Coral Complexion Soap, \$1.00.

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All choice goods for Wedding Presents.

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Births.

WILSON—June 18, Mrs. Geo. Wilson—a daughter.
ROLPH—June 18, Mrs. Frank A. Rolph—a son.
BOARDMAN—June 21, Mrs. R. F. Boardman—a son.
MERRITT—June 9, Mrs. W. H. Merritt—a son.
MURRAY—June 17, Mrs. Wm. C. Murray—a son.
MCLEOD—June 14, Mrs. J. E. McLeod—a son.

Marriages.

CLARK—HEWETSON—At St. Matthias' church, Bellwoods ave., Toronto, on Wednesday, June 24, 1896, by Rev. E. G. Plummer, Adam Clark to Edith Laura, second youngest daughter of John Hewetson, both of Toronto.
LITTLE—BENDER—On 17th inst., at 87 Spencer avenue, by Rev. D. C. Hossack of Parkdale Presbyterian Church, Charlotte Florence, youngest daughter of the late Charles Bender, to Mr. George F. Little of New York.
FORSTER—FAIRHEAD—June 18, Chas. H. Forster to Naomi H. Fairhead.
CLEMENS—WEAVER—June 17, Abram B. Clemens to Florence Belle Weaver.
LATTIMOR—JOHNSON—June 17, Robert Lattimor to Etile Johnson.
MAJOR—POUCHER—June 17, Albert E. Major to Clara Lavina Poucher.
DUNNING—ALLEN—June 20, Herbert H. Dunning to Sadie L. Allen.
KELLY—BAYNE—Carleton Place, June 20, John Carling Kelly to Helen Bayne.
LAIDLAW—SAUNDERS—Paisley, June 17, Jas. R. Laidlaw to Julia Saunders.
NASON—MAINSTONE—June 20, Russell F. Nason to Lizzie Mainstone.
STEWART—FRASER—June 21, Walter W. Stewart to Marguerite Fraser.
WILSON—AUSTIN—June 17, James Wilson to Isa B. Austin.
BULL—SCOTT—June 23, Bartle Edward Bull to Elizabeth Scott.
MARSTON—BRIGGS—June 23, William C. Marston to Clara Lewis Briggs.
MULLEN—SEYMOUR—June 21, Herbert Percival Mullen to Violet Gwendoline Seymour.
SHORE—KENT—June 21, Rev. T. E. Egerton Shore, M.A., B.D., to Ida Kent.
McCABE—SHANAHAN—June 21, Philip Henry McCabe to Sarah Shanahan.
GRANT—COLBY—June 21, Hector M. Grant to Gussie Colby.
ALDERSON—HAMMOND—June 21, W. Herbert Alderson to Hattie Hammond.

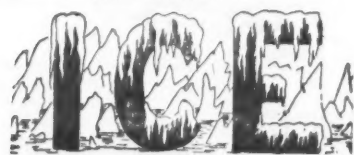
Deaths.

BURGESS—At Northesk, Rosedale, on Sunday, June 21, Jessie Carnegie, dearly beloved wife of Ralph K. Burgess.
OAG—June 19, John Oag, aged 30.
MILLAR—Orillia, June 19, Charles Bertram Millar, aged 22.
ROBINSON—June 19, John Beverley Robinson, aged 77.
BURNS—June 20, Louie Burns, aged 23.
MILROY—June 20, Maria Louisa Milroy.
PULLAR—June 19, Jane Stobie Pullar, aged 70.
RADZIGOW—June 22, Elizabeth Radzgow.
BRETHOUR—Bramford, June 22, Henry William Brethour, aged 67.
OSWALD—June 21, Janet Oswald, aged 78.
GLANELLI—June 21, Giuseppe M. Glanelli, aged 53.

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the proper garment boating and steamer wear, and we have some specially new things at \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and up to \$15.00.

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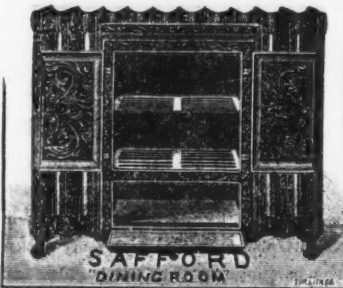
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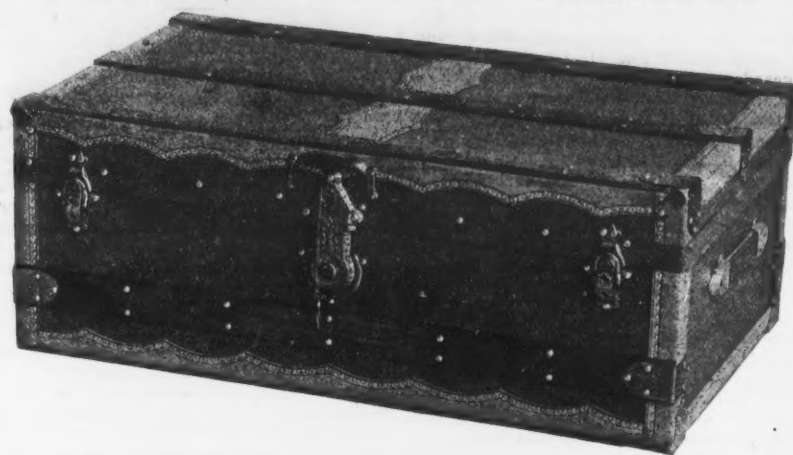
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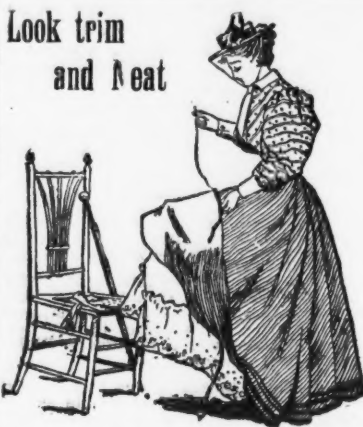
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